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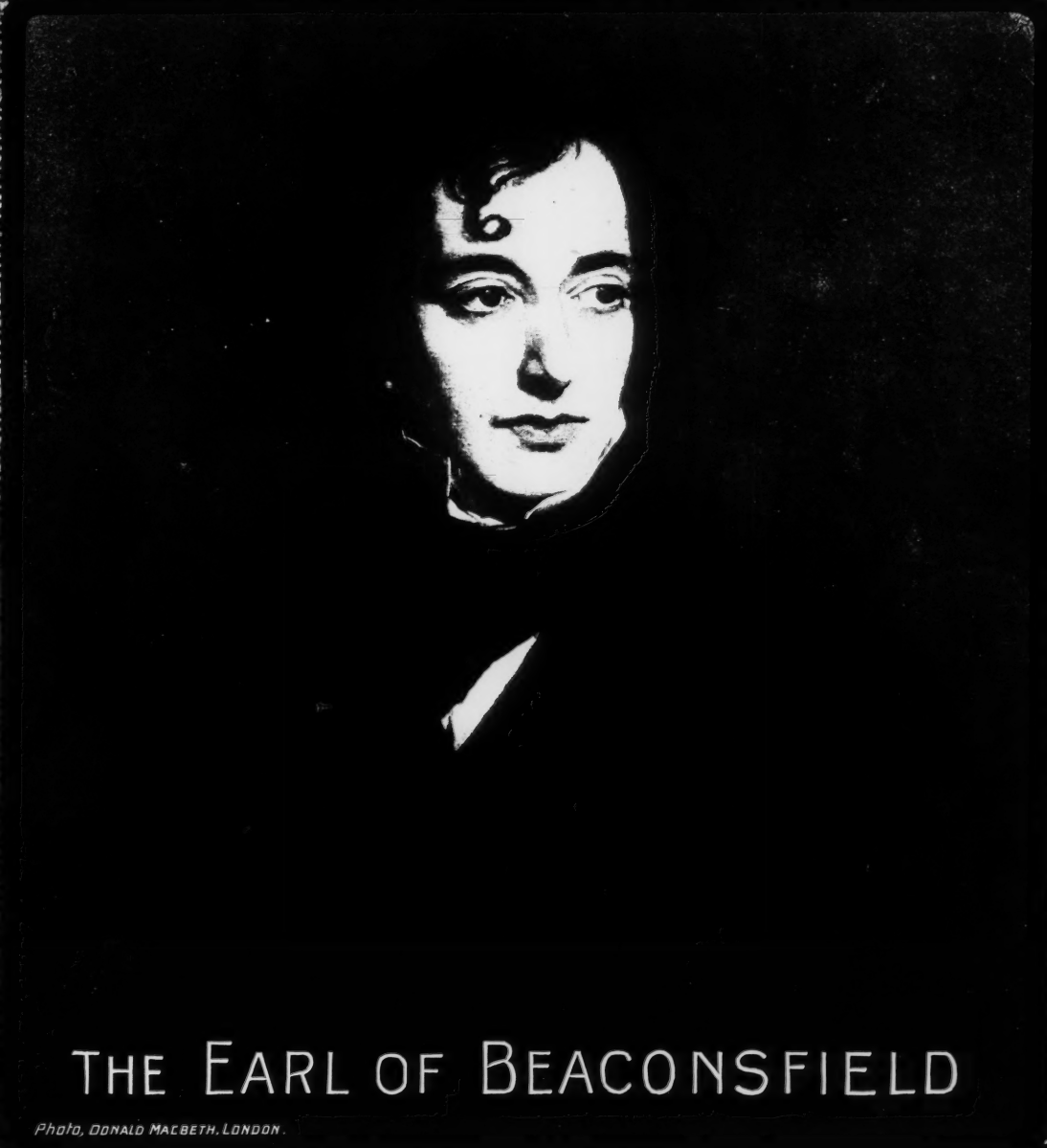

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD

Photo, DONALD MACBETH, LONDON.

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The Bookman.

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The portrait of the Earl of Beaconsfield on our cover is from the portrait painted of him in 1852 by Sir Francis Grant, and is reproduced from the "Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield," by permission of Mr. John Murray.

Mrs. Henry Dudeney has completed a new novel which she is calling "This Way Out." Usually she makes more of her women than of her men characters; but in this story, which deals with the life of a brother and sister who share chambers in Gray's Inn, the man is the principal figure. It will be published early next year by Messrs. Methuen.

"From Boundary Rider to Prime Minister," by Douglas Sladen (Hutchinson), is an able study of the life and personality of Mr. W. M. Hughes, Australia's great Prime Minister. One half of the book deals with Mr. Hughes' romantic and brilliant career; the other half is concerned with his speeches and writings. Mr. Andrew Fisher, the High Commissioner of Australia, has written an Introduction. Mr. Sladen may be congratulated on a careful and interesting book about an extraordinarily interesting man.

Mr. Douglas Goldring, whose new novel, "Margot's Progress," has just been published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, is still a young man under thirty, and has already some ten books to his name. He left Oxford in 1907, and joined the staff of *Country Life*. In 1909 he became sub-editor of the *English Review*, under Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer. A year later he was editing that admirable but short-lived literary magazine, *The Tramp*, and since its demise he has been actively connected with the publishing trade. His books include three novels, three collections of essays and travel sketches, and four volumes of verse, one of which, "A Country Boy," was his first book, and made its appearance in 1910, and two, "In the Town" and "On the Road," are reviewed in this Number.

A tender and very human book that will come home to the hearts of many in these days is "The Beautiful Thing that has Happened to Our Boys," and other messages in war time, by Charles Allen. It is published by Messrs. James McKelvie & Sons. The author is a Scots minister who has himself lost a son in the great fight.

"The West Wind" is a new novel by Katharine Tynan which Messrs. Constable are publishing. It is the life-romance of a famous Irish actress.

Sir Algernon Methuen, Bart.,
the distinguished publisher, on whom the King has conferred the honour of a baronetcy.

Messrs. Hurst & Blackett are reissuing Miss Gertrude Page's novels in a series of shilling volumes, beginning with "The Edge o' Beyond," which is already in its thirtieth edition.

"Trooper Bluegum at the Dardanelles," a record of Trooper Oliver Hogue's personal experiences with the Anzacs, will be published shortly by Mr. Andrew Melrose.

"Studies of Contemporary Poets," by Mary C. Sturgeon, which has just been published by Messrs. Harrap, comprises fifteen admirable studies of modern poets, including Rupert Brooke, John Masefield, W. H. Davies, James Stephen, Lascelles Abercrombie, W. W. Gibson, Ralph Hodgson, Ford Madox Hueffer, Margaret L. Woods and Walter de la Mare.

Referring to our reviewer's comparison of his work with that of Mr. John Masefield, Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson reminds us that his first poems of modern life, "Stonefolds," were published by Mr. Elkin Mathews in 1907, and "Daily Bread" in 1910, and that "Fires" had been passed for press before "The Everlasting Mercy" appeared in the *English Review*. There have been many workers in the field of contemporary life ever since Chaucer's time. It is a large field and there are many ways into it; there is no reason why all the workers should be suspected of following each other in by the same gate.

"Their Lives," the story of the love affairs of a middle-class artist's family in the 'eighties, by Violet Hunt, will be published this summer by Messrs. Stanley Paul.

Mr. Erskine Macdonald is starting a wartime organisation which he is calling the Malory Fellowship. It is to be a society of writers and lovers of literature with the special object of fostering an interest in new verse of real quality.

A most useful little book, "Arabic Without a Teacher," by Alexander R. Khoori, was published a few months ago by the Anglo-Egyptian Supply Association, at Alexandria, and is already in a second and revised edition. It should be an invaluable aid to those who are studying colloquial Arabic, for it contains all sentences, phrases and a vocabulary of words that are in common use throughout Egypt and especially needed nowadays by military men.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

Miss A. M. Wood,
whose brilliant novel, "Sand-Face," was published last month by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Arrangements have been made, with the approval of the Foreign Office, for extending to British prisoners of war interned abroad the benefits of the scheme, which has been in operation for the last year in connection with Ruhleben, for supplying selected books of an educational character to those of the interned who may be desirous of continuing their studies in any subject. Under this scheme several thousands of carefully selected volumes, mostly standard works, have been supplied to the Ruhleben Camp which is now provided with excellent libraries (class, reference, and lending). These books, which have been sent out through the agency of officers of the Board of Education, have proved a great boon to the interned and have enabled sustained educational work of a definite character to be carried on by the Camp Education Department formed among the prisoners. An appeal is, therefore, now made for a plentiful supply of new or second-hand books of an educational character (light literature and fiction is available from other sources) to meet the needs of the many thousands of British prisoners interned in enemy or neutral countries. It is hoped that to this appeal there may be a liberal response. A circular explanatory of the educational book scheme can be obtained by sending a postcard addressed at the Board of Education, Whitehall, S.W., to Mr. A. T. Davies, who is in charge of the arrangements.

Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne,
whose new novel, "One of our Grandmothers" (Chapman & Hall), we reviewed last month.

Mr. Eric S. Robertson,
whose new book, "The Bible's Prose Epic of Eve and her Sons," has just been published by Messrs. Williams & Norgate.
From a painting by Elwood Hargrave.

"The Navy at Work," a new book by Mr. Cecil Roberts, is to be published immediately by Messrs. James Clarke & Co. Mr. Roberts was one of the special correspondents invited by the Admiralty to visit the Grand Fleet and was on the *Invincible* four days before she was sunk.

Messrs. Jack have added six new volumes to their "People's Books" series, including careful and helpful studies of "Browning" and "Keats," by Professor A. R. Skemp and Edward Thomas; a very useful volume on "Common Faults in English Writing," by H. Alexander; "India: A Nation," by Mrs. Annie Besant; "The Roman Civilisation," by A. F. Giles; and "Home Nursing," by Sister

Mr. E. C. Booth,
whose new novel "Fondie," has just been published by Messrs. Duckworth.

Matilda. The editors are to be congratulated on the uniform standard of excellence that the books in this series maintain.

Mr. F. T. Wawn, whose new novel, "The Road to the Stars" (Eveleigh Nash) is reviewed elsewhere, scored a very considerable success with his first novel, "The Masterdillo," which was published anonymously by Mr. Andrew Melrose in 1913. That book, like his new one, was largely autobiographical. It told of the struggles of a young author and his wife with such charming sentiment and unaffected realism that one reader was moved to send the publisher a cheque for twenty-five pounds to help the anonymous writer, who was not so much in need of it as he made the hero of his story seem to be, so it was returned. Mr. Wawn began his career as an Assistant Naval Store Officer at Sheerness Dockyard. After four years of that, he went to London and for six unhappy years struggled with ill-health as a clerk in the Bank of England. Then he gave up the struggle and went to recuperate at the little village of Lane, near Newquay, in Cornwall, where he still lives and remains very much of an invalid. He has found much of the setting of "The Road to the Stars" in his immediate surroundings there. Mr. Wawn has an almost equal love of all the arts, but devotes himself especially nowadays to fiction and modelling.

Photo by Bennetto, Newquay. **Mr. F. T. Wawn.**

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing immediately "On the Trail of Stevenson," by Clayton Hamilton. It is the record of pilgrimages taken to Stevenson's homes and haunts in Scotland, England, America and about Europe. Mr. Hamilton has gathered information from many of Stevenson's friends and relatives on both sides of the Atlantic, and his book adds much that is interesting to our knowledge of one of the most fascinating personalities in nineteenth century literature. The book is illustrated from drawings by Mr. Walter Hale.

Miss F. E. Mills Young, whose new novel, "The Bywonner," was published last month by Mr. John Lane, has spent twelve years of her life in South Africa, and owns that she feels more familiar with that land of her adoption than with the Mother Country, for which reason most of her stories have a South African setting. She lived in Cape Colony during the Boer War, and the first novel she wrote, "A Dangerous Quest," had the war for its background. Miss Mills Young is engaged on a new novel, which she is calling "The Bigamist." It portrays a purely English side of life in the Colony.

Mr. John Murray Gibbon,
whose new novel, "Hearts and Faces" (John Lane), is reviewed in this Number.

THE READER.

DISRAELI IN WAITING.*

By Walter Sichel.

THIS title, perhaps, best sums up the crowded and critical years that succeeded the first establishment of Disraeli's fame, and preluded its gradual popularisation. His brief though significant term of office in 1859, undone by cabal, proved only an interval in the long spell of transition which enabled him to impress his will and ideas on and beyond his country and generation. In width, grasp, and insight he towers above his contemporaries, and not least above the patricians. For more than a decade he was in power, even when he was not in place, though his influence was often maligned and his aims thwarted. Throughout this period his gaze was fixed on the future. He was absolutely a founder.

". . . Looking on, without party bias, during fourteen years, I could not help being struck by the fact that you appeared the only man in England working for posterity. Your genius bore, to my eyes, always the historical stamp, and I never listened to a speech of yours without thinking, this word, this sentence, will be remembered a hundred years hence. . . ."

Thus wrote a celebrated foreign diplomatist after Disraeli's great triumph in 1867—the climax, and not as ignorance has whispered, the betrayal of a cause for over twenty years steadily purposed and artistically compassed. The fourth volume of his "Life" bears this out to the full, unfolding as it does so many of his intense and variegated energies. Disraeli was, indeed, a man of both worlds. He knew, and knew how to mould or modulate, the world around him, while, as if by magic, he looked into the world to come. He was always a seer, and there is the detachment of clairvoyance in his divinations. From a mount of vision he seems to survey the march past of the mighty future. This faculty distinguishes his unique force of characterisation and analysis, applied equally to men and movements—and with an expressiveness as vivid as it is vital. Take this, for instance, on the European situation of 1859, which most statesmen were inclined to view quite easily and parochially: ". . . Remember always that England, though she is bound to Europe by tradition, by affection, by great similarity of habits, and all those ties which time alone can create and consecrate, is not a mere Power of the Old World. Her geographical position, her laws, her language and religion, connect her as much with the New World as the Old, and although she has occupied not only an eminent, but I am bold to say, the most eminent position among European nations for ages, still, if ever Europe by her shortsightedness falls into an inferior or exhausted state, for England there will remain an illustrious future. We are bound to the communities of the New World and those great States which our own planting and colonizing energies have created, by ties and interests which will enable us to play as great a part in times yet to come as we do in these days, and as we have done in the past. . . ." This, surely, is large and luminous — a magnificent utterance amid the deafness of the late 'fifties. Nor did he—despite a word or so torn from its context—ever abate his trust and hope in the Colonies, or his belief both in the Empire and his capacity to consolidate and cement it. As with tendencies so with individuals. Take a single passage out of a long *précis* of Napoleon's character which belongs to that same crucial period, and is followed by suggestions of great moment: ". . . Ever since the Orsini business he has been more or less fitful and moody, and brooding over Italy. The letter of Orsini produced a great effect on him. He is alarmed for his life. Having himself belonged to the Carbonaro Society, he knows that he is never safe while they continue to look upon him as a renegade. He is resolved, therefore, 'to do something for Italy.' It is purely a personal impulse in its origin, but, indulged in, it necessarily mingles with political ideas, since reconstruction of Italy has been developed by personal apprehension. Cavour, too, is always on the watch. But nothing is yet definite, though it may be resolved on in an instant. Sometimes he talks of placing himself at the head of the army of invasion, as he once talked of going to the Crimea. And he would do it, for in dealing with this

Rt. Hon. B. Disraeli, 1867.

From a portrait in the possession of Major Coningsby Disraeli. From "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield" (John Murray).

* "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield." By George Earle Buckle (in succession to W. F. Monypenny). Vol. IV.—1855–1868. 15s. net. (Murray.)

personage we must remember we are dealing with a mind as romantic as it is subtle."

He recognised some degree of affinity. Both he and Napoleon—so long known to him—were men of destiny, and this last touch, if we add creativeness, wit, humour, and the big and loyal simplicity revealed by this volume, forms no poor miniature of Disraeli. Romance was his essence. It flickered, fantastic as firelight, luminous as moonlight, over every scene. We find it in his attachments, in his union of mastery and mystery, in his attraction for and of coincidence, in his energetic fatalism, in his strong sense of race and mission, in his ironies as well as enthusiasms. All the passion and fantasy and adventure that glowed within him came more and more to be concentred—as a musician throws his soul into his instrument—on his clear yet vast ideas—social, political, imperial—on the career, too, that was to develop and realise them. He has commerce with half the leaders of Europe; he has his emissaries in Paris; he is himself secretly a Court, and hardly has Leopold of the Belgians met him than he begs him to enter on a regular correspondence. And, as Life's coloured pageant proceeded, he ever transferred to its persons and combinations the names and qualities of the past. Everything passed through the library—or theatre—of his mind. These dramatic counterparts are improvised equally in his letters and conversation as in his books and speeches. Everywhere his imagination plays on his knowledge and perception, so that, with him, history becomes a continuous mirror, and all ages reflect themselves. In the Peelites and the Derbyites, for example, he descries the two traditional factions of the Bourbons, and when the Tyrwhitt Drakes of Amersham at last beg a favour of him, he playfully tells Stanley that "it is the Hapsburgs soliciting something from a parvenu Napoleon." Again, when France supported the Papal States against the Sardinian Government: "In this age," he notes, "of jubilant nationality, Rome is still garrisoned by the Gauls," and in 1855, during a burst of administrative changes, he finds "a popular reform and administration far exceeding that brought about by Mr. Burke in 1780." When the Treaty of Paris is in sight he assures his close confidant, Mrs. Brydges Willyams, that, had it happened otherwise, we might have dreaded "a financial convulsion worse than that of Chevalier Law." Of Garibaldi he asks in 1860: "Is he a Masaniello, is he a Washington?"

These historical figures had inspired the reveries and ambitions of his boyhood. Alberoni, of course, figures; Spanish policy, too, is applied; and alike as regards commercial treaties and his transformation of high-and-dry Toryism into the flexibility of its origins, he never forgets Bolingbroke and Pitt. Aiding the Government from the Opposition benches, he quotes Swift, and, smiling under onslaughts both direct and oblique, he avows that he prefers the tortures of Torquemada to the insinuations of Loyola. He alludes to Addison as well as to Addington, and throughout he is saturated in the eighteenth-century atmosphere I expect that Joseph, before he was Pharaoh's prime minister, often spoke in the symbolism of his early dreams.

This book presents the uphill distance that separated Disraeli from the supreme command which was his birthright. It displays him in all emergencies infinitely resourceful, tactful, magnanimous, in the midst of cross-currents and cross-purposes, offering to lie down, now to Palmerston, that "gay old Tory" who led the Whigs, now to Graham, now to Stanley, now to Gladstone—in the fine letter adjuring him to deign to be magnanimous, and reminding him that every man fulfils his office, and that there is a Power outside ourselves which disposes of all this. While at the close of the 'fifties Gladstone was dedicating his great gifts to Divorce with a faith ecclesiastical, Disraeli, with a faith intellectual, riveted his eyes on the Empire, on India and the Colonies. During his short shrift of office, both in 1859 and 1867, he settled the government of India and of Canada, and even earlier he discerned the need for striking the Oriental imagination by the Sovereign's personal relation—not as the Crown, but as

Hughenden Manor House.

From "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield" (John Murray).

Empress. And at home he would make any and every sacrifice if only he could establish a truly national, as opposed to an abstract, cosmopolitan, arithmetical or theoretical, system of government. If the Tory party did not represent the nation, he always said it was nothing. He wished it to assist progress and resist revolution, to prevent that *unlimited* democracy which he held to be "the tyranny of one class—and that the least enlightened," to acclimatise the new ideas to the ancient soil, to forward progress in the spirit of growth instead of upheaval, to fulfil and not to destroy, to preserve the balance of a Constitution which is at once the safeguard and the reflection of *character*. He desired "to build up a community . . . upon popular principles which assert equal rights, civil and religious; to uphold the institutions of the country because they are the embodiment of the wants and wishes of the nation, and protect us alike from individual tyranny and popular outrage, equally to resist democracy and oligarchy, and favour that principle of free aristocracy which is the only basis for constitutional Government . . . to be as jealous of the rights of the working man as of the prerogative of the Crown and the privileges of the Senate. . . ."

Mary Anne, Viscountess Beaconsfield.
By Middleton.
From "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield" (John Murray).

All along, the author of "Sybil," who had already initiated and forwarded social and sanitary reforms, stood for an extension of the franchise as a privilege based on duties; but till the early 'fifties, when Lord John Russell re-opened the question, he had upheld the settlement of 1832 as final. Once mooted, however, it was no monopoly, he maintained, of the Whigs, who promised without performance, or of those new Radicals who clearly purposed unmitigated mob-suffrage, under the purely numerical sway of which "The old England, the England of power and tradition," must vanish. Disraeli looked backwards and forwards. In 1859 he had at first intended Household Suffrage, safeguarded by a rating basis. But he had to reckon both with the party and the country. Accommodations, delays, the policy of waiting until England had steadied herself at home and abroad intervened, and the need for "educating" the country, the party, and Lord Derby. For years the demand for reform seemed mainly political: it cooled off as soon as it seemed warm. Curiously enough, when the Queen urged the matter on Disraeli soon after his return to office, he hesitated and held back, regarding it as an expedient, afraid, apparently—after Russell's breakdown and Gladstone's alternate compromise and clamour—to tempt Providence, uncertain, perhaps, whether a movement of Opposition-manœuvred riots could be opportune, whether he would be experimentalising at the national expense, whether, in fact, the worn plaything of parties had at length become deadly earnest. But all along he saw quite clearly that if a fatal Manhood Suffrage were to be averted, if agitation were not to endanger institutions, if, in a word, the nation were to remain organic and united, sooner or later this "leap in the dark," as Derby termed it, must be taken.* Gladstone's sudden declaration for admitting every man not morally or physically disqualified to the vote, precipitated the hour. And despite the future Lord Salisbury's retreat and invectives—his "stab in the back"—he carried a Household Suffrage on a rating principle through a co-operating House of Commons.

Space forbids the pursuance of his intuition into the whole Indian problem, and his desire for the Queen (instead of the Crown) as a personal ruler; into the Chinese question; into the American question, which, in 1860, he at once discerned to be imperial; of his persistent foreign policy—one of dignity without fuss, assertion without intrusion, and—notably in the Danish crisis, when he prophesied his own mission some fourteen years later—of never promising without performing; of his vigilance for effective retrenchment; of his desires and designs for the Church, based on the same aspirations which he had developed in "Tancred." All along his purposes were hampered by the curious deadlock and dead-level of parties, rendering some appeal on congenial points to Peelites or Radicals a necessity for the Tories till their cause re-entered the hearts of the nation. Throughout, —and inevitably—he was attacked and intrigued against, mistrusted and misjudged by the complacently commonplace, by that *bourgeoisie* who counted on Palmerston in power for escapades abroad, and on Disraeli in opposition to bar busybodying at home. Their common sense was occasionally right. But his uncommon sense usually triumphed in the end.

Mr. Arthur Baumann asks in an able *aperçu* in the *Fortnightly Review*, why Disraeli not only survives but vibrates, while so many loud-compelling names have become pegs for History to hang her hats on. But why catalogue reasons? Surely the glamour of romantic genius is enough. In all that Disraeli ever did we catch unexpected lights and shades; like his own Sidonia "he said many things that were strange, yet

* It was Lord Derby, too, it now appears, who spoke of "dishing the Whigs." Not only did Disraeli shrink early in 1867 from pressing home his old idea of safeguarded Household Suffrage, but he wanted Lord Derby to finish matters immediately by a moderately reduced franchise, of course on the rating basis. His "counterbalance of fancy franchises," to my mind invaluable, were stoned out by Gladstone and Bright.

they instantly appeared to be true." It is not the abstract reasoners and characters or the prosaic impeccables who live on. Byron survives, not Bentham. It is dullness that dies, and not his "dearest foe" could call Disraeli dull. Imagination, personality, these own the talisman of survival, and this posthumous power is evidenced by the magnetism of the man. Wherever Disraeli went he conquered elements the most inveterately opposed. His charm conquered, he was intensely human, and a part of it was the striking sense of fun and of perspective, which tempered his extraordinary wit and irony. Often as not his persiflage was turned against himself, for other people's gravity often upset his own. The keenness of his most poignant sarcasm had something magnanimous about it, and this his enemies well knew. He simply shrugged his shoulders, and they passed on—or out. Rarely has a man so patient been so buoyant. He was a poet-politician—in his invective a poet-satirist. And fantastic, too, as were the delightful forms of his satire they did not outrun reality, as Derby testified in that wonderful speech about the "extinct volcanoes." When he wrote that a majority of eighteen was hardly a majority, because it was still "in its teens," that was typical. Perhaps, however, a passage about the Statistical Society at Lady Palmerston's sounds less so: ". . . I confess myself to a strange gathering of men with bald heads and wearing spectacles. You associate these traits often with learning and profundity, but when one sees one hundred bald heads and one hundred pairs of spectacles the illusion or the effect is impaired." Excellent also is the following, of 1857—also to Mrs. Brydges Willyams: "The world is very much frightened about the comet, Dr. Cumming having declared the last day is certainly at hand, Sebastopol meaning Armageddon; but it seems that Sebastopol literally means 'blessed city,' and the received version of Armageddon is 'a cursed plain'—so they don't exactly agree. . . ."

It has been imperative to dwell on his public supremacy, but the tender portions—too few of them, alas! from the mass of papers—are not only the most pathetic but the most penetrating. We would fain have heard more of the sweet and gifted sister whose death in 1859, on December 19th—for him a fatal number—desolated his wife as well as himself. Of that devoted wife and his deep devotion to her we catch glimpses—we see his loving gratitude to her when she tends his sleeplessness at critical moments; we see him at his hour of shared triumph evading the Carlton Club celebration and hurrying back to the supper which *she* had prepared for him at home—the raised pie from Fortnum & Mason's, and the bottle of champagne. She was already past seventy, but no lover could have been more ardent or enthusiastic than was he to the large-souled if odd-minded woman, whose heart and head alike owned him for her "man of men." That moment must surely have recalled to him Lady Mary Montague's classical pæan on her own experience:

> "But when the long hours of public are past
> And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last,
> May every fond pleasure that moment endear,
> Be vanished afar both discretion and fear!
> Forgetting or scorning the airs of the crowd,
> He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud,
> Till lost in the joys, we confess that we live,
> And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive."

Mr. Buckle, who has threaded his mazes with so much tact and insight, has not included Disraeli's tribute in 1867 at Edinburgh, when her health was toasted: ". . . I do owe," he said, "to that lady all I think that I have ever accomplished, because she has supported me with her counsel, and consoled me by the sweetness of her mind and disposition." With what pride and joy she announced his attainment of the premiership to Lady de Rothschild, and how touching are Disraeli's *billets doux*, pencilled in bed when they were both severely ill in separate rooms at Hughenden in the December of 1867. It is a pity that only a few extracts have been published. Here are most of them: "You have sent me the most amusing and charming letter I ever had. It beats Horace Walpole and Madame de Sévigne." "Grosvenor Gate has become a hospital, but a hospital with you is worth a palace with anyone else. Your own D." "I have had a sleepless night, and in agony the whole time. . . . I have been nearly a week in bed, and am much worse than when I took to it. . . . My only consolation that you are better and stronger. . . ." "We have been separated four days, and under the same roof! How very strange." His affections were very deep, and his friendships, though few, as he owned, intense. At this time she was seventy-five, and still his Egeria. From that ordeal of the sick bed he offered to be carried into the House of Commons (his other Egeria) if Lord Derby should deem it necessary at a moment so crucial.

I feel sure he was thinking of Lord Chatham.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

HIS EARLY LIFE AND LOST WRITINGS.

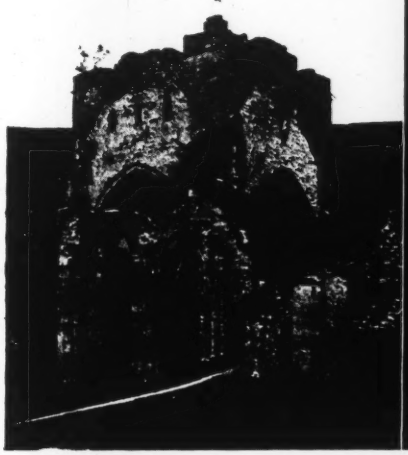
BY STEPHEN WHEELER.

BY Walter Savage Landor those officious persons—commentators, critics, compilers of introductions and appreciations—who thrust themselves between an author and his audience, were held in low esteem. He himself never sought their services, and was apt to scoff at their best meant endeavours. In his "Imaginary Conversations" a Landorian Porson draws a fancy picture of them performing monkey tricks on some illustrious man's shoulders, pleased at and pleasing by the volubility of their chatter. A Landorian Cicero complains that a great writer suffers more from little friends than from potent enemies. Had a little friend volunteered to make Landor known personally to any reader of THE BOOKMAN, promising him a civil welcome, the odds are that he would curtly have declined to avail himself of the opportunity. There was talk once of his paying a visit to a nobleman in high office. "You will find his lordship," somebody remarked, "quite easy

to get on with, for he does not stand on his dignity." Landor was unable to relish the notion that there were mortals who would have to condescend before they were on a level with him. "Not stand on his dignity!" he burst out. "Well, to speak the truth, I stand on mine," and the visit was never paid. So in handling the subject of Landor and his works, one might inadvertently say things which, could he hear them, he would resent as insults; and what is perhaps of more importance, praise or censure might be dealt out in exactly the way which he pronounced to be altogether reprehensible. But let us quickly obliterate the impression that he must be classed among those unamiable men of letters whom in everyday life we should prefer not to meet. It is true that when he was in certain—or rather, uncertain—moods, it was as well to respect his solitude. At other times he was the best of good company, if not stroked the wrong way.

People who read these lines may be divided, no doubt, into two classes: those who have already formed their own impression of the man Landor, and others, few or many, for whom he is little more than a name. It might be rash to feel hopeful of arousing the interest of this latter class. Nothing is more apt to bore one's fellow creatures than singing the praises of some person unknown to them. Charles Lamb was bothered by a gushing lady who persisted in extolling a particular friend of her own. "Bless him, I know him well," she declared. "Ah!" said Lamb, "I don't know him; but d—— him at a hazard." On the other hand there may be in Landor's case something in the nature of misconceived knowledge to be cleared out of the way. To judge his character solely from his books is assuredly not the safest method. What Southey said on this point should be borne in mind. "Never did man represent himself in his writings so much less generous, less just, less compassionate, less noble in all respects than he really is." Nor will it do to trust no other guidance than what is given in the most elaborate biography of Landor that has yet been produced, namely, John Forster's; though it will always be among the works one is obliged to consult for matters of fact. He knew Landor intimately and was in his confidence. He was able to use many letters and documents which have since vanished. All who wish to study Landor's life, as the life of a great writer ought to be studied, must sooner or later go to Forster. But how often it happens that the biographies which we can least afford to dispense with are the least pleasing to read. What could be more irritating than a hint at every turn that Landor's tribulations mostly arose from his not having a counsellor like Mr. Forster at his elbow to guide his steps and correct his errors? And that arbitrary gentleman overdoes the part of moralist. He is terribly afraid lest we should condone any of Landor's faults; and for each imprudence he preaches a sermon. Mrs. Lynn Linton called the book a cold, carping biography; "a disgraceful thing for a friend to have written."

But let us hear what other people who knew Landor said and thought about him. The earliest recorded observation, indeed, does not reveal him in an altogether favourable light. In 1782 a Mrs. Butt went to see his father, Dr. Walter Landor, who practised as a physician at Warwick, living in the fine old house near the East Gate. It is now a girls' school. Miss Mary Butt, the future Mrs. Sherwood, author of "Little Henry and His Bearer" and other edifying fiction for the young, accompanied her mother; and was profoundly shocked at the behaviour of the big rough-haired boy who sprawled on the carpet before the fire and who, when his mother bade him get up, answered "I won't." Walter Savage Landor was eight years old at the time; exactly the age of the little girl who so justly reprobated his bad manners. From the same intelligent if unsympathetic witness, something may also be learnt about his parents; Mrs. Landor, anxious to be hospitable but fussy and even fuming if a servant made mistakes, and her husband, "a hearty old-fashioned sort of man," who said more than once—"Come, Betty, keep your temper." Miss Mary may have exaggerated the good lady's impatience under small vexations, and have



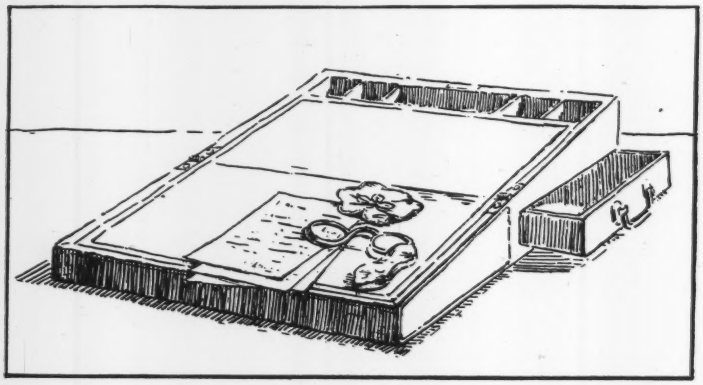
Central tower of Llanthony Abbey (more properly called Priory). A monastic house founded in the reign of Henry VIII., by the St. Augustine Order.

The bridge of Maes-y-Beran (the field of the pear) on the river Honddu, Landor's "sparkling Hondy," below Llanthony Abbey.

Ruins of the house built by Landor on Cwm Siarpal, a dingle above Llanthony Abbey. The coach-house, now a cattle shed, alone retains its roof.

mistaken a standing family jest for a serious remonstrance; yet one cannot but surmise that a tendency to fume, with which Landor must certainly be credited, marked his descent from the Savages of Tachbrook, forbears on his mother's side. However this may be, it is the earliest pen-portrait, if neither distinct nor flattering, we have of him. A few months later he was sent to Rugby; and Forster could tell one or two stories about his schoolboy days. To these may be added the reminiscences of a contemporary Rugbean, to be found in the obituary pages of the Annual Register for 1864. According to this authority his first fight was with Arthur (afterwards General Sir Arthur) Clifton; and we also learn that he got decidedly the worst of it in an encounter with Walter Birch, who presently became one of his dearest friends. In the volume of poems published a year before he died, there is one in which Landor, in verses addressed to General Sir Richard Clarges, gave his own account of these combats:

"Three score and ten the years since Rugby saw
My bloody battles on the cricket ground,
And Clarges, you remember that I fought
Never with any but an older lad,
And never lost but two fights in thirteen."



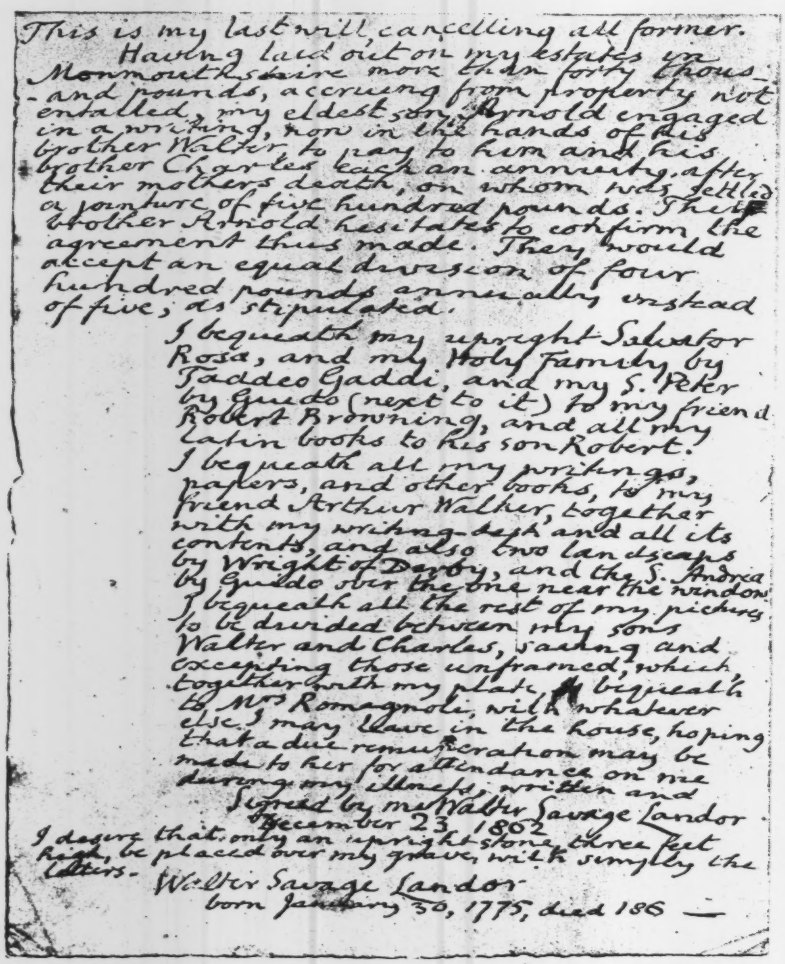
Landor's Writing Desk,

made from the wood of a cedar tree at Ipsley Court and given to him by his sister. In the drawer, here shown half open, were found a miniature of Ianthe and a lock of Rose Aylmer's hair.

By the same unnamed schoolfellow we are told that Landor when, as a præpostor, he had to read the roll-call, would persist, greatly to the annoyance of Dr. James, the headmaster, in omitting a "Mr." before the names of noblemen's sons. It was owing to this, the boys believed, that Dr. Landor was requested to remove his son and heir from the school; but we may safely accept the positive statement that the real reason was young Landor's audacious habit of embroidering his Latin verses with satirical hits at the masters, Dr. James included.

Between Rugby and Oxford there was an interval of private tuition at Ashbourne, where he lived with a clergyman spoken of in "Letters of a Conservative" as "the good old fatherly Langley," and not less gratefully in a note to one of his imaginary conversations. Of Landor's college days there is little to be said beyond what is told in Forster's volumes; though it is a pity that instead of quoting merely a few lines from the "Address to the Fellows of Trinity on the Alarm of Invasion," his biographer and editor did not reprint the whole of that curious *jeu d'esprit*. Trinity College, Oxford, it may be noted—and not, as stated in the Encyclopædia Britannica, the Cambridge Trinity — numbered Landor among its students. In the "Address" he apostrophises his *alma mater* as "our Latin-laced mother, good dame Rhedycina," a synonym seldom to be heard now. It is a Latinised form of Rhyd-ychen or Ridichen; "*quæ lingua Saxonum*," says Geoffrey of Monmouth, "*Oxineford nuncupatur.*" There is, however, one allusion in the same poem to Cambridge:

"Old Cam in his dotage ranks no one
so high as
A scribe of Scobeus, one Billy
Mathias."


This is my last will, cancelling all former.
Having laid out on my estates in Monmouthshire more than forty thousand pounds, accruing from property not entailed, my eldest son Arnold engaged in a writing, now in the hands of his brother Walter, to pay to him and his brother Charles each an annuity, after their mother's death, on whom was settled a jointure of five hundred pounds. That brother Arnold hesitates to confirm the agreement thus made. They would accept an equal division of four hundred pounds annually instead of five, as stipulated.

I bequeath my upright Salvator Rosa, and my Holy Family by Taddeo Gaddi, and my S. Peter by Guido (next to it) to my friend Robert Browning, and all my Latin books to his son Robert.

I bequeath all my writings, papers, and other books, to my friend Arthur Walker, together with my writing-desk and all its contents, and also two landscapes by Wright of Derby, and the S. Andrea by Guido over the one near the window.

I bequeath all the rest of my pictures to be divided between my sons Walter and Charles, saving and excepting those unframed, which together with my plate, I bequeath to Mrs Romagnoli, with whatever else I may leave in the house, hoping that a due remuneration may be made to her for attendance on me during my illness; written and signed by me Walter Savage Landor

December 23, 1862

I desire that only an upright stone, three feet high, be placed over my grave, with simply the letters.

Walter Savage Landor
born January 30, 1775, died 186—

Facsimile of a Will in Landor's handwriting,

found in the desk bequeathed by him to Arthur Walker, who left it, with its contents, to Mr. Stephen Wheeler.

This was Thomas James Mathias, whose "Pursuits of Literature" Landor was much addicted to deriding.

The story of his rustication has been told often enough. What one would like to have is fuller knowledge than Forster chose or was able to impart of his studies and diversions, his wanderings and adventures, between the date of that event and his marriage in 1811. For within the space of those seventeen years he made his mark in literature, at any rate as a poet. He wrote, in English and Latin, his most ambitious poem, "Gebir," and a goodly number of the exquisite lyrics which, more than anything else, establish his right to be ranked with Herrick and Prior. Two at least of his "Hellenic Idyls" were written, in Latin, during this period. *Pudoris Ara*, the first version of "The Altar of Modesty," was printed in "Simonidea" with a note saying that the story was taken from Pausanias. To the same classic he may have been indebted for the idyl of Coresos and Callirhoe, which, also in its Latin dress, he sent to Southey in November, 1809. But that "sad love story of Calydon" had been told in English prose by Sir George Wheler, in his account of a journey in Greece in 1695; and, in English blank verse, by William Thompson, Dean of Raphoe. The Dean, by the by, indited verses to an Ianthe some decades before Landor adorned his song with that harmonious name.

"Gebir," however, was Landor's most important poem whether at this time or later. Not long ago a German scholar, Dr. Robert Schaalk, made it the theme for a learned disquisition. He had evidently taken voracious pains to digest a work described by a Quarterly Reviewer as a thing distressing to read and unconquerably obscure; but he does not exhaust its interest. Nor is the last word about "Gebir" said in the "Cambridge History of English Literature," where Dr. Saintsbury expresses a doubt whether Miss Clara Reeve in her "Progress of Romance" directly suggested the plot of the poem. Surely there is no valid reason for rejecting the tradition that the Hon. Rose Aylmer borrowed that now forgotten book from a Swansea library and showed it to Landor; while we have his explicit statement, in two prefaces, that if it contained nothing remarkable, "except we reckon the pertness and petulance of female criticism," it nevertheless presented him at its conclusion with the story of Gebirus and Charoba. What is more, Miss Aylmer's niece and namesake, the late Lady Graves Sawle—who may well be thought to have heard the facts from Landor himself—often gave me to understand, when recalling "this and other tales of old," that Forster was right as regards the happy accident which led to the writing of a poem, obscure in parts, perhaps, but bearing the hall-mark of genius. Of course, when Dr. Saintsbury observes that Clara Reeve did not "originate" the Gebir legend he is on safe ground; provided we do not endorse Landor's pronouncement that the use of the verb "to originate" in a transitive sense should be left to people of fashion and slaves. She lighted on Gebir in a translation from an Arabic manuscript, made when Louis XIV. was king by Dr. Pierre Vattier. His "L'Egypte de Murtadi," is cited with approval by Gibbon; so Sir G. Maspero, who also relates the Gebir legend in his "Popular Stories of Ancient Egypt," may be wrong in his conjecture that Western historians have never heard of it.

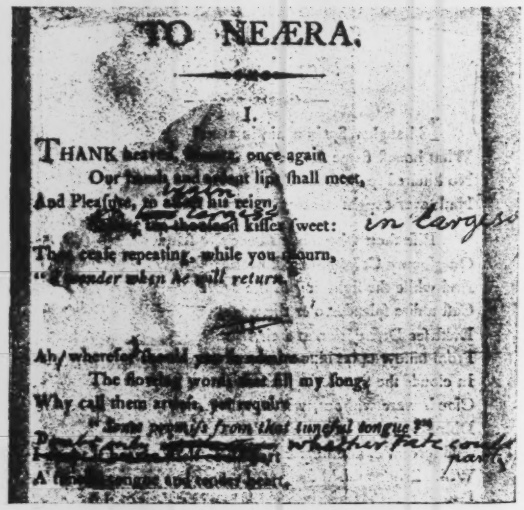
Landor's "Ianthe."

From a miniature by Horace Hone, which was found in Landor's desk. Sophia, daughter of Richard Swift, she was descended from Godwin Swift, Dean Swift's uncle. She married, first, her cousin Godwin Swift, of Lionsden (*ob.* 1814), and, second, in 1816, Count Lepelletier de Molandé. She died at Versailles July 31, 1851.

Of Landor's loves and friendships in his earlier years it would be easy to compile a sufficiently sentimental record from the poems he published in 1802 and 1806. Ione is met with in both; Ianthe only in "Simonidea," though her name was afterwards substituted for that of the Neæra to whom one of the poems of 1802 was addressed. In prose the golden-haired Ione was Miss Nancy Jones; and Landor wooed her at Tenby. It has even been thought that her charms were the magnet which attracted him to the coast of Wales; but as his cousin, Charles Norris, lived near Tenby, there may be another explanation. Mr. Norris, who had been an officer in the King's Dragoon Guards, was a talented artist and published some admirable etchings of Tenby, as well as other views of Welsh scenery. His brother John owned Hughenden Manor, sold after his death to Disraeli. A grandson of Landor's artist cousin, Mr. C. N.

Rose Aylmer.

From a miniature believed to be a portrait of the Hon. Rose Whitworth Aylmer, daughter of Henry, 4th Baron Aylmer. She was born Oct. 15, 1779, and died of cholera at Calcutta, March 2, 1800.


TO NEÆRA.

I.

THANK heaven, fortune, once again
Our hands and scarlet lips shall meet,
And Pleasure, in short hair or long,
Shall bind her eyebrows with a wreath:
Love shall be lord, and laughing sweet:
Time and his business die.
The nightingale shall sing her fill,
And Philomel shall carol shrill,
Tereu cease repeating, while you mourn,
"Absyrtus bleeds, and will not return."

Ah! wherefore should I doubt?
The flowing wine shall fill my long
Why call them artificial pearls?
Some poems from that tuneful tongue
Pronounced, shall whether fate could part
A

Facsimile of page 53 from "Poetry by the Author of 'Gebir.'" 1802,
with emendations in Landor's hand. In the version published in 1846 "Neæra" was altered to "Ianthe."

Williamson, ranks high among the novelists of to-day. Robert Eyres Landor, who alone of Walter Savage's brothers was an author like himself, often visited the Pembrokeshire Norrises, but, when Mr. Charles Norris in 1832 married a second time, vowed he would never go to Tenby again. All this, however, throws no fresh light on Walter's philanderings with the gentle, young Ione. Her death was mourned by him in "Simonidea"; but he does not seem to have told Mrs. Lynn Linton whether this was one of the "four great loves" which at various times had warmed his heart.

There is less mystery, however, about Ianthe, the charming Irish lady, Countess de Molandé by her second marriage, who was the idol of his youth when the flowers he chose danced in the shade her dark and wavy tresses made; and to whom, when both were well past middle-age, he was still devotedly attached. A miniature portrait of her, painted by Horace Hone in the early years of the last century and religiously guarded by Landor till within a few months of his own death, may help to secure the fulfilment of his prediction that even in distant ages their names would be coupled. She was far more beautiful than this miniature, he assured an American friend to whom he showed it in 1861; "but much she cared," he added, "about my poetry! It couldn't be said that she liked me for my books."

It is unlikely, however, that any verses he addressed to Ianthe will be as often called to mind as the eight lines in which he consecrated a night of memories and sighs to Rose Aylmer. Inscribed on marble they have recently been affixed to her tomb in the old graveyard at Calcutta. It may be of interest to point out that the phrase, "a scepter'd race," a puzzle to some commentators, may be explained by supposing that Landor failed to distinguish between two kindred branches of the Aylmer family. The Aylmers of Donadea, the branch to which General Sir John Fenton Aylmer, V.C., belongs, can trace back their lineage through the wife of Sir Andrew Aylmer to Edward I.; whereas Sir Gerald Aylmer, ancestor of the first Baron Aylmer and of his successors in the peerage, was a brother of the Aylmer from whom those of the Donadea branch descended, and could not, therefore, boast of having the blood of the Plantagenets in his veins.

The composition of poetry, grave and gay, must have absorbed a considerable portion of Landor's time during the seventeen years that followed the termination of his brief University career. But every now and then it looked as if he were on the point of finding other outlets for his energy. When in London he would often go with his friend Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Adair to hear Charles James Fox or Canning speak in the House of Commons; and he seems to have tried his hand at political journalism. After the Peace of Amiens he spent some weeks in Paris, where he saw Bonaparte more than once. In complexion and figure, he told his sister, the Emperor was very like their cousin Charles Norris. On one occasion, according to his later reminiscences, Bonaparte looked insolently at him. "If I had not," he declared, "had a lady on my arm, I should have knocked the fellow down." Six years after that he was in Spain, intent on fighting the French; but owing partly to a misunderstanding with the British envoy, and more, perhaps, to the negotiations which resulted in the Convention of Cintra, he was soon back in England again. Meanwhile, having come into a fortune on his father's death, he had bought an estate on the Welsh border, and at the time of his marriage he was preparing to settle down as a country gentleman.

A fuller record of Landor's life from the age of nineteen to thirty-six, and during the next three years when his headquarters were fixed at Llanthony, is the more needed in view of the incompleteness and, in some respects, the proved inaccuracy of Forster's narrative. Even the circumstances which led in 1814 to his flight to the Continent, have never yet been thoroughly investigated. "Why livest thou in Italy, being an English gentleman of genius, education, rank, and estate?" was the question asked in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1824. Neither his disputes with Welsh tenants and neighbours, nor his plea that you cannot live in England unless you are rich enough to have a solar system of your own, will suffice for an answer; and in regard to the Llanthony troubles, Forster's account requires both correction and addition. Landor's biographer and literary executor must also be held responsible, in some measure, for the loss or occultation of much that he had written up to this date. The book of poetry he published in 1795 has never been reprinted. His "Moral Epistle dedicated to Lord Stanhope" is equally inaccessible to the general reader. Of the "Postscript to Gebir" two copies and no more are known to have survived. "The Dun Cow" (London: 1808), Landor's retort to a malignant attack on Dr. Parr, has but lately been included in the list of his published writings. A fortunate owner of this "hyper-satirical dialogue in verse" will do well to insure it against Zeppelins. Of the "Commentary" on Trotter's "Memoirs of Charles James Fox," which was printed but suppressed in 1812 and reprinted in 1907 from the Marquis of Crewe's unique copy, Lord Houghton was of opinion that it contained a greater number of fair and moderate judgments, political and literary, delivered in Landor's peculiar humour, than any production of his earlier or maturer years. A quotation may be permitted from the "Letters of Calvus," another pamphlet not to be found in the British Museum or any national

From a Painting by George Dance, R.A.

Walter Savage Landor.
Aged 29 (1804).

or public library. "A minister in these times" (1813) "requires no more abilities than a washerwoman. We have collected, we have disciplined, and we pay a mighty force: to render it *all* efficient, and to direct it against one point, until there is nothing to resist it, or until it is driven back, is our only policy."

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY. 1916.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best commemoration in three four-line stanzas of the British Naval Victory off Jutland.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

I.—The PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each is awarded to Evelyn Simms, Junior House, Roedean School, Brighton, and Madeleine Constance Munday, of St. Ives, West Park, Leeds, for the following:

THE BRIDGE-BUILDERS.

They have builded magnificent bridges
Where the nations' highways go;
O'er perilous mountain ridges,
And where great rivers flow.
Wherever a link was needed between the new and the known
They have left their marks of Progress, in iron and steel and stone.

There was never a land too distant,
Nor ever a way too wide,
But some man's mind, insistent,
Reached out to the other side.
They cleared the way, these heroes, for the march of future years:
The march was Civilisation—and they were its Pioneers.

Now through a nation's sinning
They are building a bridge so wide
That those at the work's beginning
Scarce dreamed of the other side,
They spared no thought for a future with the need for "now" so plain;
They sowed for others' reaping—they have died for others' gain.

And what has gone to the making?
Courage and sacrifice,
And a thirst that knows no slaking
For the Right at any price;
Comradeship caring nothing for riches or rank or birth,
For builders like these build only with things of eternal worth.

Be comforted, wives and mothers!
Your men, in their splendid youth,
With a thousand thousand others,
Have opened the way for Truth.
They are building into a future where terror and strife shall cease;
And the span of the bridge is Honour, and the goal that it leads to—Peace.

EVELYN SIMMS.

THE COAST ROAD.

Oh! you'll take the land road thro' storm and sunny weather,
But I'm for the coast road, it will not let me be,
And you'll pass mid meadows of clover and of heather,
But I'll take the coast road a-winding by the sea.

Oh! you'll take the safe way, the broad way, the high way,
And you'll have a gilded coach and dappled horses three,
But your way is your way, and my way is my way,
And I'll take the roughened track that leads beside the sea.

Oh! you'll ride in satin, with rings your bondage showing,
But I'll walk in tatters, rejoicing to be free,
And you'll take the way where the honeysuckle's blowing,
But I'm for the coast road that follows by the sea.

Oh! you'll have the guest-room and mattress made of feather,
And silken sheets of lavender and quilt of tapestry,
But I'll have the hedgerow in every kind of weather,
The breezes thro' my tatters and the stars above the sea.

Oh! you'll take the land road in all your splendid hiring,
Your heart will be weary of life's futility,
But I'll take the coast road, with bare feet never tiring,
The wild track and rugged that winds beside the sea!

MADELEINE CONSTANCE MUNDAY.

We also select for printing:

THE WOOING.

Gold and ivory, lutes and jewels, ribbons of royal hue,
Out of the length and breadth of the world I sought to give to you.
Stars of the evening, moons in their glory, these I brought in my hand,
But you turned your face away from me and the triumph I had planned.

Out from your sight I went again, with a petulant toss o' my head.
"Verily, she is proud!" quoth I. "I have brought her roses red,
I have brought her gold from the gates of heaven, stars from the feet of the moon,
And the flowers of faith and loyalty under her feet I have strewn."

Skulls and sword-blades, blood and fire, for two long years and more,
Then I went back to you once again, and found you as of yore,
Tall and haughty and very proud in your shining silver gown,
With all my silks upon you for robes, and my stars in your hair as crown.

I stood up straight in your sight again, and looked at you face to face,
"Verily, you are proud!" quoth I. "But now, by your lady's grace,
I have brought you that which is worthy of pride, a man and an unsheathed sword.
Speak now, my lady, and answer me; wilt deign me one gracious word?"

"Skulls and sword-blades, blood and fire—these are the gifts you bring?
Verily, you are bold," you said, "that you treat me like a king.
You brought me gold from the gates of heaven and offered it on your knees,
And now you offer me love alone—do you flatter you that will please?"

Words of bitterness—eyes of glory I looked in your face and saw,
So I caught and gathered you in my arms as I had not dared before.
"I bring you love, dear heart!" quoth I. "Oh lady high and fair!"
And you bent your head to hide your face as my kisses crowned your hair.

(Joyce O'Dwyer, Temple Bank, Beetham, Milnthorpe, Westmorland.)

SPRING IN ENGLAND, 1916.

Oh! Spring's abroad in England, love,
And I'm beyond the sea,
Yet here its magic wood-notes move
A yearning song in me.

I long to see the virgin corn
Above the rich red earth,
And watch the rooks beside the thorn
Stalking in solemn mirth.

Anenome and celandine
Will haunt the primrose-way,
And forest smells arise and twine
Into the twilight grey.

And does the blackbird in the oak
Still pipe at break of dawn,
Which came and searched, as I awoke,
For food upon the lawn?

From winding trek to trek I find
Eternal sunshine here;
But give to me the rude March wind
And April's shining tear.

And for my sake, dear, will you get
And send on fleeting wing,
A tiny, wild, white violet—
A breath of England's Spring?

(Lance-Corporal Malcolm Hemphrey, British East Africa, April, 1916.)

We also select for special commendation from the large number of lyrics sent in this month the thirty written by Mrs. Robertson Matheson (Dollar), Walter P. Dawson (Winnipeg), Lilian Daly (Ceylon), Paul Harding (Yorks), Margaret Curle (London, S.W.), Eileen Norton (Whitby), Alec H. Ashworth (Kimberley), Winifred Tasker (Llandudno), Ivan Adair (Dublin), C. Lambert Bayne (Westminster), Octavia Gregory (Parkstone), Christine Chaundler (London, W.C.), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), Irene Wintle (Portland), B. Garlique (Bridgwater), Mary Carolyn Davies (New York), M. Harvey (Oxford), Mona Douglas (Laxey), E. Whitehouse (Horsham), E. M. Rutherford (Dorking), Gunner T. A. King (Plymouth), B. Harriss (Hull), G. H. Browning (Watford), Berenice Harland (Durham), Alice E. Page (Burgess Hill), Eileen Carfax (London, S.W.), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), M. C. B. (Golder's Green), K. F. Morris (St. Leonard's-on-Sea), Derezinska (Paris).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss Dorothy Sanders, of 37, Woodhouse Road, Mansfield, Notts, for the following:

THE MAN WHO KNEW ALL. By M. C. LEIGHTON. (John Long.)
"For I listened at the keyhole in the door."
W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads* (*Prince Agib*).

We also select for printing:

AN OUTRAGED SOCIETY. By A. FFORDE. (Allen & Unwin.)
". . . strangest of these social twirls,
The girls are boys—the boys are girls!"
W. S. GILBERT, *My Dream.*

(Muriel Pinch, Wood's Place, Battle, Sussex.)

GERMAN POLICY BEFORE THE WAR. By G. W. PROTHERO. (Murray.)
"To put a girdle round about the world."
CHAPMAN, *Bussy d'Ambois, Act I., Scene I.*

(Miss Hinds, Guy's Hospital, London, S.E.)

UNHAPPY IN THY DARING. By MARIUS LYLE. (Melrose.)
"Those who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose."
GAY, *Fables.*

(Hilda Wyatt, 11, Hamilton Road, Wimbledon, S.W.)

EVELYN ON THORNS. By H. MAXWELL. (John Long.)
"Implores the passing tribute of a sigh."
THOMAS GRAY, *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

(Helen Standert, 12, Montrell Road, Streatham Hill, S.W.)

THE HONEST LAWYER. By G. V. MCFADDEN. (John Lane.)
"I don't believe there's no sich person!"
R. TROWBRIDGE, *To Betsey Prig.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best appreciation in four or eight lines of original verse of the Woman Gardener is awarded to A. Welch, of 8, Fairfax Road, Bedford Park, Chiswick, W., for the following:

THE WOMAN GARDENER.

This is no new work, where her hands are needed
Ever she laboured to make sweet the earth,
Rank growths of want and woe she long has weeded,
And sunned with smiles a thousand flowers to birth.

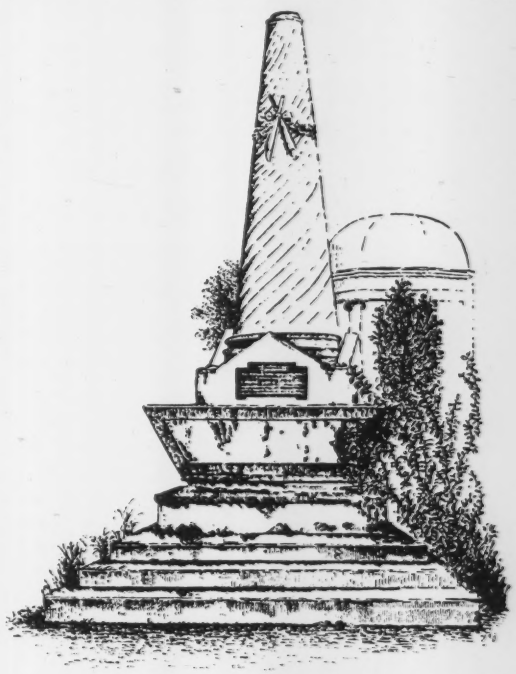
She has brought beauty unto barren places,
And bound the broken where she bent to bless.
It is no new career she now embraces,
Making a garden from a wilderness.

A. WELCH.

This competition has proved amazingly popular and we should like to print several of the other replies received if space could have been found. We specially commend the twelve best of them by Catherine A. Munro (Glasgow), A. Percival Needler (Hull), Mrs. W. Stewart (Glasgow), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Mrs. F. E. Jones (Birmingham), Miss S. M. Isaacson (Campden Hill), D. J. Darlow (Woking), Alice M. Hillier (London, N.), Marguerite E. Coles (Guernsey), Mrs. K. B. Spencer (Jarrow-on-Tyne), Mary G. Muston (Wood Green), M. Hurst (Ramsgate).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to L. Mahony, of 35, Albert Terrace, Middlesbrough, for the following:

ABOVE THE BATTLE. By ROMAIN ROLLAND. (George Allen & Unwin.)
Romain Rolland stands "Above the Battle," and looks with far-seeing vision beyond the conflict. Feeling the pulse of suffering Europe and ministering to its relief, he holds aloft the torch which to him represents the highest truth even though it



Rose Aylmer's tomb at Calcutta.

Her death was thus recorded in the *Calcutta Gazette*, March 6, 1800:—"On Sunday last at the house of her uncle, Sir Henry Russell, in the bloom of youth and possession of every accomplishment that could gladden or embellish life, deplored by her relatives and regretted by a society of which she was the brightest ornament, the Honble Miss Aylmer."

cost him the friendship of his countrymen. He decries the blind submission of the German intellectuals to the spirit of militarism, and deplores the writings of those who, remote from the conflict, fan the flame of hatred and bitterness, which can only be assuaged by the blood of the combatants. His work is for the healing of the nations.

We also select for printing:

DAVID BLAIZE. By E. F. BENSON. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
In most school tales there is a boy whom the reader thoroughly dislikes: a sneak, a slacker at work and games, and bad all through; but there is a refreshing change in Mr. Benson's new book where we read of "all sorts and conditions" of boys and none wholly despicable. He agrees with R. L. Stevenson that there is bad in the best of us and good in the worst of us. The charm and interest of the book lies, not in the plot, but in the realistic character sketches and vivid descriptions of modern school life.

(Irene F. Armstrong, "Heather Dene," Major's Loan, Falkirk.)

PIERRE NOZIÈRE. By ANATOLE FRANCE. (Collection Nelson.)
PIERRE NOZIÈRE. TRANSLATED BY J. LEWIS MAY. (John Lane.)
In "Pierre Nozière," M. France is at his best. Here we have those quaint autobiographical touches, those delightful glimpses of the old bookshops on the "Quai Voltaire" which never fail to charm. The latter part of the book entitled the "Promenades de Pierre Nozière" takes us rambles in country towns, full of historical associations, where M. France's erudition comes into play. But for those who can read more deeply there is a profound philosophy, such as one would expect from this modern sage, underlying this simple tale of childhood. The whole is informed with a genial spirit of sarcasm, irony and humour.

(Sissie Hunter, L.L.A., 14, Avondale Road, Chesterfield.)

THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND. By IAN HAY. (Blackwood.)
Kitchener's Army! How often have we heard the name in the past! A typical regiment of this now famous army, with its training, trials, labour and life is the subject of Ian Hay's splendid work. He reflects on to paper the inwardness of a regiment, its splendour, its shortcomings; the humanity of the men which fill its ranks and the giving up of liberty in the cause of the greater freedom. It shows the understanding between officers and men, the sacrifice of all in a common cause, and the spirit of Britain, that spirit which can never be overcome.

(Private H. S. Pridham, 2/3rd Wessex F.A. (R.A.M.C.), "C." Section, 57th West Lancs Division, Kent, or Elsewhere.)

YPRES AND OTHER POEMS. By WILLIAM G. SHAKESPEARE. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)
Here is true poetical feeling, the verse being original and fanciful, yet never bizarre in thought or in technique. The range of subjects, considering the size of the book, is wide. Mr. Shakespeare's gift is essentially lyrical, though the language shows a dignity and restraint reminiscent of Matthew Arnold. Unfortunately the rhythm halts a little in some of the more thoughtful poems, though in the main there is excellent command of metre. In the best poems, such as the Ypres sonnets, "Bittersweet," "A Vision of Hampstead Heath" and "Alpha Centauri," there is a touch both in tone and diction of Browning.

(M. J. West, 10, Northbrook Road, Bowes Park, N.)

We select for special commendation the twelve reviews by Catharine Ritchie (Merstham), W. Curran Reedy (Forest Gate), H. A. Moody (Harrow), Alice M. Hillier (London, N.), J. Victor Stalker (Dundee), Eric N. Simons (Sheffield), F. M. N. Fall (Ilfracombe), Alf. J. Goodman (Holloway), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), Edith Beechey (Pentre), Percival Hale Coke (Weston-super-Mare), Rev. H. A. Cotton (Ealing).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mrs. Webster, 5, Turquand Street, Walworth, S.E. NOTE.—The same suggestion was received from five competitors. The prize has been awarded to the one that reached us first.

New Books.

THE GERMAN EVIL AND THE WAR—HISTORICALLY CONSIDERED.*

The generalising produced by the present war ought to have been such as to reduce the professional ethnologists to despair. At the outset of my historical studies in regard to the Teutonic invasion of England in the fifth century I remember being warned of the utter inconclusiveness of ethnological and craniological corroborations, and I have certainly never had reason to question the soundness of this advice. After the mob of Germanisers, beginning with Mme. de Stäel and continuing to Miss Austin and Mrs. Sidgwick, we fluctuate to the opposite extreme with Sarolea and Saunders, Halsalle and Dr. Smith of Erlangen. We were better off perhaps in Shakespeare's time when our knowledge of Germany was purely romantic. We idealised the Germans of Tacitus and Luther, we had heard great things of German cities and inns and printing presses, but we attributed to them as a race a peculiar sottishness and a grobian bestiality. Their black Reuters were the biggest bullies alive. Then came the Thirty Years' War which with the conflict of Anabaptists at Munster and the Peasants' War in Luther's time could lay claim to the title of most terrible, most inhuman of all episodes of Modern History. After 1715 we found it increasingly difficult to believe that good could come out of Germany. But then in the seventeen-nineties came the romantic period, the clouds in which German pulpits and lecterns managed to envelop themselves suited Coleridge better than any other, Scott imitated German ballads and made Oldbuck a compliment to Germany, while men like Carlyle, John Sterling and J. S. Mill with some help later from Kingsley and Froude raised a most resounding pæan in praise of the German virtues, and the next generation of English historians with Freeman, Green and Stubbs did their utmost to make a German treatise out of English history. It can hardly be supposed that this was a subtle act of perfidy on our part, but if it, by any chance, contributed to strengthen the prevailing tenets of the Germans as to their own superiority and infallibility it will in the end have done them a pretty bad turn. Racialism and Nationalism which promised so much have discovered their ugly sides to us. They have done havoc elsewhere, but nowhere have they committed such ravages as in Central Europe. The Germans boasted interminably of the three B's (Berlin, Byzantium, Bagdad) which were to be the keys of their world power. But the three B's of the German Kultur it seems are Boasting, Bestiality and Blood-guiltiness. And the worst of these is their Germaniacal Boasting, for self-praise so continuous and profound ends by closing the avenues to all the more amiable emotions. We agree completely with Mr. Robertson in his new book on "The Germans" that Europe's lesson to-day must connote the collapse of the Physiology of Race. The race-prejudice which serves as prop to this ludicrous self-laudation on the part of the Teutons is destined to extinction by sheer derision. It gets some hard knocks here. And it is clearly shown to have perverted the modern quasi-civilised German into a tribal devil-worshipper. One can to some extent understand the cruelties of sensual pagans or of Christians so afraid of contamination as to sanction the tortures of the Inquisition. But for our modern Germans out of the sheer madness of self-esteem to perpetrate such horrors as have been evidenced lately in their treatment of prisoners and captives is almost beyond conception. Wherever German culture has come in contact with the average citizen it

* "The Germans." By the Right Hon. J. M. Robertson, M.P. 7s. 6d. net. (Williams & Norgate.)—"Treitschke's History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century." Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Vol. II. 12s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

has become characteristic, nationalistic, racialistic, Germaniacal. The economists are become imperialistic in their economics, the historians and ethnologists racial in their theories and delineations, the theologians Prussian in their ethics and their politics, the litterateurs trumpeters, the soldiers butchers by explicit precept, the people implacable in their hunger and thirst for cruelty and blood. And this terrible Hohenzollern Creed or Cultur, after all the saints of all the ages, culminates in the tribal cry of *Krieg ist Krieg*, imposing upon the rest of the world that remains still Christian in ideal the horrible task of ramming it down their throats until the vomiting point is reached. This will indeed be the "nemesis of docility" as Mr. Holmes points out in his brilliant book. Unlike Mr. Holmes, unfortunately, Mr. Robertson has hardly a glint of humour. His books are all out to prove something. Either that Mill is greater than Carlyle, or that Shakespeare and not Bacon wrote the plays, Christ a myth and Shelley a metrical bungler, Keats a sensuous fop. The book it seems was thought out some years ago. By what unhappy whim of humour was its presentation delayed until now? Then it would have been invaluable. Now it is something of a drug, cogent after the event, converting the faithful. One can hardly help inquiring with considerable curiosity: When was it that Mr. Robertson himself was converted—before or after he got such short shrift from Mr. Asquith? There is a grim power about his analysis of the tumour of World-Power springing out of the imperceptible germ of insensate national pride. This book, Thayer's "Germany versus Civilization" and "The Nemesis of Docility" (Constable) should be studiously compared—the impartial reader would then be able to get a synthetic vision of the Idea—intolerable spectre!—against which the world is in arms.

The Germans by reason of their Self-Worship have become in the twentieth century the most insulated race in the world. One of the greatest insulators, perhaps the greatest of all (Wagner being a good second) was the historian Treitschke. Historians can do more than other folk to spread the poison-fumes of national and racial self-adulation. It is a dangerous amusement to which historians of all nationalities have been far too prone. Michelet I should say was a bad offender, Gibbon was free from the taint to an extent most abnormal, but Freeman and Green indulged in orgiastic excess. The French have become the best history-compilers of to-day (I am thinking especially of Monod and his group), not more by reason of their lucidity than owing to their dispassionate and equitable outlook alike over past and present and to the manifest *justesse* of their purpose. But Treitschke has carried tribalism in History to a point of sublimity so egregious as to border upon dementia; and after his spiriting, Nationalism in Germany has become what a narrow orthodoxy was for Early Victorian England, a straitwaistcoat in which Common Sense and Fairness, still less Originality, cannot breathe. He brought great powers to bear on the subject, and in order to get into the mental skin of a modern German, it is imperative that his interpretation should be mastered. This is a main reason why we should welcome the present second instalment of the History of Germany from Friedrich to Bismarck. It is true that all his conclusions are perverted basely enough to the exaltation of Prussia and the depreciation of her rivals; but when these matters are not in question he is interesting, keen-sighted, energetic and inspiriting. Nothing could be more absurd than his assumption that in comparison with English selfishness in 1815 Prussia was actuated by a magnanimous enthusiasm for European freedom! Prussia, which had compromised the security of Europe hopelessly at Vienna by her predacious desire to swallow Saxony whole! But when he is talking about Wellington, Gneisenau and Blücher, their special qualities and interrelations, he is interesting and piquant. There is something heroic about his manner and he reminds me at his best of the traits of the bellicose American historian Parkman. His account of Belle Alliance, given his prepossessions, is lucid and stirring. But when he says that in the blossoming time for the arts and sciences and *belles lettres* that followed the interminable wars of Napoleon the nations contended in the competition of a free world literature, and that in this peaceful rivalry "Germany took the first place" he is led away by the grotesque perversion which leads men, bemused as by Circe, into the sty of *Deutschland über Alles*. That Germany indeed with all her opportunities and self-exhortations should have written so little capital prose and should have produced so little first-rate literature is one of the puzzles of the period. Apart from Faust and a few lyrics by Goethe and Heine, how much of it all remains now enshrined in the world's literary consciousness? Next to nothing at all. To this day a good German book, as opposed to a process of research, is a rarity of rarities. Mann, Frenssen, Viebig, Suderman, have they produced a single novel even up to the second rate standard, say, of Dumas' "Dame aux Camélias" or Kingsley's "Ravenshoe?" Weird extravaganzas about German authorship have been written by English, American and French humanists, but they themselves (though they have produced a few first-rate historians) have never acquired the habit of good literature. Mr. Robertson indeed observes with characteristic gravity and responsibility in his tone, "The relative rarity of literary genius in Germany through a period of four hundred years is an interesting problem in view of the law of averages."

Two such egocentric fanatics as Nietzsche and Treitschke were enough, one would say, to make the Earth the madhouse of the Universe—unhappy Earth. But N is so elusive that I must say I regard T as the most potent and most interesting lunatic of the pair. Slavic by descent, Saxon by birth, anti-Prussian by education he was nevertheless caught by Berlin and fell under the spell of Prussia's categorical imperative, the coercion of that eternal "Do as you are bid." The thought of England, which he wanted to spell with a small E, made him ill. Cold as an icicle, remorseless as sin, deaf as an adder, arrogant as a junker, he dreed his weird of Hate against this country. His pupils became disciples who carried the seeds of his doctrine to thousands whose ears were well attuned to the music of the anti-English hymn. Such a book by such a man cannot fail to be a mine of interest. It is a copious mine, 720 pages in this volume, well translated, and nearly every page teems with interest.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

TWO POETS.*

The phrase "before the war" has already fallen into usage, and we are constantly reminded that now and henceforth we may expect violent changes in our literature. In these three volumes of verse there are no discernible signs of any departure more or less from older forms, nor any evidences that most of these poems were written during these months of war. But as it is probable that every book bears traces, sometimes very subtle traces, of the age in which it is written, it is noticeable that the work of both these poets is marked by a sustained vigour that a few years ago would have been exceptional. Neither Mr. Freeman nor Mr. Goldring have sought for themes among those subjects that concern the world at the moment. It is true that Mr. Freeman has written some war poems, but they are not poems on the war, inasmuch as they are no more applicable to the great war, than to any other conflict. Nevertheless, his "Stars in their Courses" deserves to rank as one of the most outstanding poems that has appeared since the commencement of hostilities. Mr. Freeman made no attempt in this poem to guess what the world might be thinking about Armageddon, but he frankly and simply recorded his own thoughts during the early days of "these magnificent cruel wars." The poem

* "Stone Trees and Other Poems." By John Freeman. 2s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.) —"On the Road: a Book of Travel Songs," and "In the Town: a Book of London Verses." By Douglas Goldring. 2s. 6d. net each. (Selwyn & Blount.)

Mr. Douglas Goldring.

is too long for quotation, but we will give a shorter piece, "The Return":

"I heard the rumbling guns. I saw the smoke,
The unintelligible shock of hosts that still,
Far off, unseeing, strove and strove again:
And Beauty flying naked down the hill.

From morn to eve: and then stern night called Peace!
And shut the strife in darkness: all was still;
Then slowly crept a triumph on the dark—
And I heard Beauty singing up the hill."

This is perhaps not a particularly characteristic specimen of Mr. Freeman's poetry which is generally intensely introspective, revealing a mind ardently alive to the wonders, colours, lights and shades of life and nature, and abounding in felicity of phrase and beauty of imagery. In turning over the pages of his slender volume one feels how aptly the word "wonder" may be applied to his poetry. Beauty and wonder he sees everywhere as he tells us in his poem "Discovery." There is work in this volume which is, we think, sure sooner or later, of receiving that wider recognition which is Mr. Freeman's due.

Mr. Goldring's poems offer an almost complete contrast to Mr. Freeman's. The methods and outlook of these two writers have little in common, except that both eschew the obvious and commonplace. Mr. Goldring is often very daring, and sometimes, in the most airy manner, carries the reader over the thinnest of ice before he has time to scent danger. Those who are familiar with his clever, worldly-wise novels will be prepared to find in his poems a not unkindly vein of satire in dealing with romantic actualities. All tricks of phrase and literary affectations he shuns, and he confesses to a horror of new movements:

"Mr. Hellis (the Thinker) reviews with pious elation
Of one who's *performing a duty* that's quite unsought.
He likes to talk of 'we men of the young generation,'
And belongs to a club called the Leaders of Modern
Thought. . . ."

Disdaining to shackle himself either in the choice of his subject or his forms, he frequently runs into free verse. The result is pleasing even to one who does not specially care for the work of those who habitually write *vers libre*, because this easy form best suits his matter which, with him, is never a negligible consideration. For the most part his poems consist of word-pictures, and impressions, scenes that he has called up out of his memory. The verses "In the Town," which include some of the contents of his former volume "Streets," issued in 1912 and now out of print, chiefly commemorate some little story connected with a street or place ranging from Kingsland Road, N.E., to Leicester Square, and from Mayfair to East Sheen. Much the same method is followed in the collection called "On the Road" which comprises pieces with the names of provincial or foreign towns, but half of this volume is composed of lyrics and songs in conventional metres. Without suggesting that Mr. Goldring has consciously followed in the steps of Henley, these poems, with their dry humour, are sometimes reminiscent of the earlier work of W. E. H., such as in the "Hospital Verses." But Mr. Goldring's lines contain much of sensuous beauty which is entirely his own and is never sickly or over-ripe.

MR. WELLS AND PROPHECY.*

Mr. Wells has been a reader of the future for many years, and now, for the first time I think, he stands aside from himself and contemplates with all reasonable pride and modesty his achievements in this domain. He reckons up his "lucky shots" and his "misses." But why does he call himself a prophet? "The present writer is a prophet by use and wont." I question this designation. It is true that Mr. Wells uses the word in its sense of a reader of the future, and so far it is accurate. Yet I have an obstinate belief in the unconscious revealings of words, in their psychological indication, so to speak. Where a man contemplates several words which would seem to express his meaning, his choice is a subtle matter: it is governed by his life-long feeling about that word, his sense of its history and office. Not that I see Mr. Wells groping even momentarily for the word prophet as a description of himself, or for the word prophecy as defining his work. They seem to have flowed easily from his pen, because for him prophecy has meant prediction and nothing more. But the power to predict is not the first mark of a prophet.

Mr. Wells uses these words, I suggest, because they do not come to him laden with their majesty of meaning. He has not thought of a prophet as an interpreter between gods and men. Yet that is what a prophet is, and always has been. That is the meaning of the word. It is only because prophets have told men what the gods will and intend in the future, in ways of promise or threat, that the word has taken the secondary meaning of a foreteller of future events apart from divine messages or emotional inspiration. Since Mr. Wells does not claim to have a divine message, and does not arrive at his conclusion through emotion, his fancy-free use of the word is significant. It suggests that he is not encumbered with a knowledge of the prophetic character. Thus he is able to begin his book with the amusing and rather scandalous remark: "Prophecy may vary between being an intellectual amusement and a serious occupation." No writer of to-day has a closer command of words and their lucid ordering than Mr. Wells, when he is on his own ground. But his vocabulary is born of intensive thinking in certain directions; it is not the vocabulary of a poet, or of a prophet, or primarily of a literary man, for the simple reason that Mr. Wells is not any of these things in essence.

Accurately, Mr. Wells is a prognosticator, that is to say, a man who is accomplished in the art of foretelling future events and developments from unnoticed signs or beginnings. In his own words, "The scientific training"—the training which has made him illustrious—"develops the idea that whatever is going to happen is really here now, if only one could see it." It is because Mr. Wells so often sees it that he is great in prognostication. He is our lightning calculator of current tendencies, but he is not a prophet.

Of course if it were only a verbal matter all this would be pedantry, but it is just this lack of the prophetic spirit

* "What is Coming? A Forecast of Things after the War." By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Cassell.)

that seems to impose a moral curve upon Mr. Wells's faculty. I am immensely interested in his prognostications about all sorts of methods and contrivances—international, political, social, industrial—and yet in the end I sink. I see him proposing to improve the world as a going concern rather than life as it is lived by each of us. He is more interested in the road from Bocking to Braintree than in the journey from the cradle to the grave. I keep asking myself, "But how will this better the main part of life, which is within us?" The doctrine that improved outward conditions must react on the inner life does not seem sufficient, because such improvement—according to Mr. Wells's own account—is to be attained by processes which seem to place the social machine above the man, not merely (as it ought to be) in ways of reasonable government, but as an idea, as an ultimate value. I do not think that the great religions do this, as Mr. Wells seems to imply that they do when he writes:

"For everyone there are two diametrically different ways of thinking about life; there is individualism, the way that comes as naturally as the grunt from a pig, of thinking outwardly from oneself to the centre of the universe, and there is the way that every religion is trying in some form to teach, of thinking back to oneself from greater standards and realities."

This seems to me excessive. The only way in which man born of woman can cultivate the universe is to work from himself outwards, and to continue doing so to the end, with the aim of being himself to the advantage of other selves. It is a question of degree, of the way of putting it, no doubt, but here the accent of Mr. Wells seems harsh and non-prophetic; he does not take stock of the human heart and he compares its cry to the grunt of a pig. Yet the human heart may have as a good a claim to be considered the "centre of the universe" as the town hall of a united Bocking and Braintree.

Mr. Wells's contentment to prognosticate, not the weather or the collapse of dress fashions, but even volcanic things, without prophesying—to handle the future as a jig-saw puzzle without reference to the old needs of the human heart—is nowhere more surprising than in his remarks on woman, marriage, and the home. He tells us that we are even now entering a period of a low birth-rate, the grouping out of solitary children, the replacing of the home by the comradeship of man and wife as the strongest link in marriage, and the greater amenability of such marriages to divorce. He may be right, but the contemplation of these changes without some manifest anxiety as to their bearing on the individual life, its thirsts and throes, seems rather Arctic in temperature. Mr. Wells, indeed, is constrained to add, "These things are not stated here as being desirable or undesirable." No, but the prophetic mind would boil with such statements.

I find something illustrative, also, in Mr. Wells's laughter at Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc. He laughs because they

"believe that this war is really a war in the interests of the Athanasian Creed, fatness, and unrestricted drink, against science, discipline, and priggishly keeping fit enough to join the Army, as very good fun indeed, good matter for some jolly reeling ballad about Roundabout and Roundabout, the jolly town of Roundabout."

I say nothing about the justice of this, and so far as the attitude to war goes I am, I hope, as sanely pacificist as Mr. Wells, but I cannot help seeing that Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc have a tincture of that prophetic spirit which I respectfully miss in his own outlook. Mr. Chesterton may be sufficiently crazy, but his craziness is a kind of fermentation of insights, and his insights are those of a man who does take stock of the human heart, and who is more interested in the journey from the cradle to the grave than in the roads between all Bockings and Braintrees, and more concerned that a man should get wisdom and understanding than that he should "get *there*." And these are the things that will prevail. Mr. Wells has had glimpses of this greater curve, and he has even touched the robe of Prophecy—in his moments of misgiving. Some think that he will yet wear it—in hours of illumination.

WILFRED WHITTEN.

THE HISTORY OF THE FABIAN SOCIETY.*

There can be no doubt, as Mr. E. R. Pease himself discloses in one of his chapters on the origin and development of the Fabians, that a chief reason for the success of the Fabian Society was its early good fortune in attracting to itself a number of young men of exceptional ability who subsequently established for themselves reputations which spread, in more than one case, far beyond the bounds of their own country. So the history of the Fabians is to a great extent a record of the outstanding personalities who composed them. Accordingly Mr. Pease has for the most part grouped his narrative round the notable men and women who have controlled the Society—which may be said to represent intellectual Socialism in England—since its birth in 1884. It was the late Frank Podmore who provided the Fabian motto which reads like a quotation, though it is discoverable in no author ancient or modern:

"For the right moment you must wait, as Fabius did most patiently, when warring against Hannibal, though many censured his delays; but when the time comes you must strike hard, as Fabius did, or your waiting will be in vain, and fruitless."

The Society was founded at a moment when the teaching of Karl Marx was the most important Socialist propaganda in Europe; yet definitely it did not identify itself with Marxian doctrines, and from quite early days the aim of Fabian policy has been to "permeate" the machinery of government and existing institutions with its own principles by peaceful means.

The three names which are particularly associated with Fabianism during these first thirty years of its career are of course Mr. Bernard Shaw, who represents Fabian Socialism in its militant aspect, and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, who may be called its most important representatives on the side of economics and social research. Mr. Pease's book contains numerous footnotes and an admirable appendix by Mr. Shaw, and is further enlivened by long quotations from his tract on the history of the Society in its quite early years. Some idea of Mr. Shaw's energy and activity—no less then than they are now—in those restless 'eighties may be gathered from his remarks on "How to Train for Public Life," which Mr. Pease gives *in extenso*:

"I made all my acquaintances think me madder than usual by the pertinacity with which I attended debating societies and haunted all sorts of hole-and-corner debates and public meetings and made speeches at them. . . . Every Sunday I lectured on some subject which I wanted to teach to myself; and it was not until I had come to the point of being able to deliver separate lectures, without notes, on Rent, Profits, Wages"—here follows a list of about a dozen more, all congenial topics—"that I was able to handle Social-Democracy as it must be handled before it can be preached in such a way as to present it to every sort of man from his own particular point of view."

For the rest, Mr. Pease's History is a mine of facts and names, dates and statistics; and not the least interesting of the sections is that describing the sudden and revolutionary intervention of Mr. H. G. Wells with his exciting proposals to set to, "make Socialists" and "achieve Socialism."

VIRGIL'S "GATHERING OF THE CLANS."†

From all who, like the present writer, keep fresh in memory the pleasure of listening to Mr. Warde Fowler's lectures at Lincoln College on "The Age of Augustus," this little commentary on a well-known passage of Virgil (Æneid VII., 601–817) is sure of a friendly welcome. The passage in question—the muster-roll of the armies of Italy against Æneas and the Trojans—is first quoted in full, with the English blank verse translation of Mr. James Rhoades on the opposite page; then comes an Introductory note on the political circumstances in which Virgil wrote the lines, and his aim in writing them; this is followed by comment, archæological, historical, or literary, on various points; and the book ends with an

* "The History of the Fabian Society." By Edward R. Pease. 5s. net. (Fifield.)

† "Virgil's 'Gathering of the Clans': Being Observations on Æneid VII., 601–817." By W. Warde Fowler, M.A., Hon. LL.D. Edin., etc. 3s. 6d. net. (Blackwell.)

appendix on the Virgilian "half-lines," with special reference to the instance in line 702.

When the Æneid was written, Augustus, at length established as master of the Roman world and restorer of peace, was trying to foster among the Italians a national feeling which should unite all Italy and focus itself on Rome. Such a feeling did to some extent exist. Even in the previous generation Cicero could write "I will never deny that I am a townsman of Arpinum, but at the same time I will never forget that Rome is my greater fatherland, and Arpinum but a part of Rome." And Cicero, though he had apparently forgotten the fact, was by birth a Volscian, descendant of a race which in olden time had been the bitterest enemy of Rome. Still, the feeling was more potential than actual, or Augustus' policy, as Mr. Warde Fowler points out, would have been superfluous. In support of this policy he enlisted the help of the great writers of the time, and Virgil's contribution was the Æneid. It was a task of no little difficulty. "Italy is not a country that lends itself easily to unification," and Rome in Italy was, to put it bluntly, a greedy and overbearing usurper, at any rate from the Italians' point of view. Yet Virgil attempted to write an epic which should foster a truly national patriotism and "hold firmly together the sympathies of Romans and Italians." How did he do it? Mr. T. R. Glover, in his "Studies in Virgil," has remarked on the emphasis constantly laid, especially in the earlier books of the Æneid, on the idea of Destiny. This insistence on Destiny as it were *universalises* the conception of Rome, lifts it above and beyond the sphere of ordinary human affairs and the strife with the Italian cities. To be conquered by Rome is not to suffer defeat at the hands of an alien foe; it is to take one's place in the ordered progress of the world. Once this idea is grasped the pride of the Italian in his native city is transmuted into a pride in his "greater fatherland," living and effective in proportion to the strength of the local patriotism on which it is founded. In the particular passage here treated of, the difficulty which Virgil meets is to arouse, to exactly the right extent, the interest and sympathy of his readers for the cities of Italy which at the moment are fighting on the wrong side.

"It is most interesting to notice," says Mr. Warde Fowler, "that Milton" (in the first book of "Paradise Lost"), "where he marshals the heathen gods and devils against the hosts of Jehovah, had much the same difficulty to face as Virgil, and that he dealt with it victoriously in the very same way. He had to engage the interest, nay, the emotion, of his reader, in these gods and devils, as Virgil had to enlist the admiration of the Roman reader for the *wrong side* in the strife. Each poet achieves his object in his own way, but the method is in the main the same, the secret is in the skilful selection of detail, and in the high dignity and poetic beauty of the language used."

The Introductory Note is the most interesting part of the book. In the notes *ad loca* questions are in several instances raised only to be left unanswered, as the mention of the river Amasenus in connection with Præneste, from which "it is full thirty miles away" (p. 60), or the first five cities named in the muster-roll, for the selection of which Mr. Warde Fowler can find no satisfactory reason. It is where a personal touch comes into play that the comment is happiest, as for instance in the finely imaginative picture of the Centaurs descending from the mountain peaks (pp. 55–56). The three lines following the hemistich of line 702 are rejected on the ground, first, that they add nothing, and are in fact only "as an awkward translation from Apollonius Rhodius," and second, that the half-line here as in most cases indicates a pause, and that "to take up the same subject again (after the pause) with another simile of the same kind, is quite unlike Virgil." But to argue that because Virgil does one thing in fifty-four of the cases where a broken line occurs, he therefore cannot have done something different in the fifty-fifth, is perhaps not altogether convincing, and the contention that the lines are "absolutely inadmissible" seems to require some further support.

We note two small errors in the printing. On p. 82, line 1, "its" should be "his," and in the first of the *Errata* both page and line are wrongly given.

THE SOUL IN BABYLON.*

Mr. L. W. King has not yet issued the third volume of his "General History of Babylonia and Assyria," to the second division of which I had the opportunity of giving the welcome which it deserves at the hands of students in a recent issue of THE BOOKMAN, and here now in the interval is another excellent and authoritative work, a speaking witness to the state of archæological knowledge in America. Mr. King's *magnum opus* was preceded by several important publications, the "Letters and Inscriptions of Hammurabi," the "Seven Tablets of Creation," etc., and Professor Jastrow is well known to scholarship by his "Aspects of Religious Belief in Babylonia and Assyria," and his "Hebrew and Babylonian Traditions." The one writer deals more especially with the history of their common subject, the other with civilisation, language, religion, art, and literature, so that however much they overlap one another here and there, the two works cover distinct fields, and readers of Mr. King's "History" will find in Professor Jastrow's study of Babylonian and Assyrian civilisation not only a valuable supplement to the larger undertaking, but one which must be called essential.

Of its several divisions of subject-matter, as enumerated in the sub-title, I can mention two only within the limits of the present notice. The vestiges of Babylonian literature, though not inconsiderable in themselves, bear no comparison in extent or importance with Egyptian remains. They include a poem of Creation; a story of the Deluge and that ship of life which weathered the flood and the tempest; the descent of the goddess Ishtar—the great mother goddess, ruling over vegetations and fertility—into Aralû, which is the lower world; and an analogue of the Book of Job. There are also prayers and penitential psalms, not to speak of incantations and other magical formulæ. The Ishtar poem is a magnificent Nature-myth, full of fine descriptive passages, especially the unclothing of the goddess to go down into the nether world and her re-investiture with all her draperies and ornaments on returning to light in the springtime. Babylonian literature, like that of Egypt, is imbedded in the religious life of the nation, but an abyss divides its memorials from the "Ritual of the Dead" and its dependencies. I am instituting no comparison when I affirm that this "Ritual" is one of the great books of the ancient world, just as the "Sepher Ha Zohar" so unlike it in every respect, is one of the great religious books of the Christian centuries.

With few exceptions, the keynote of Babylonian and Assyrian literature is gloom, and there is no issue from the darkness. Professor Jastrow gives specimens of certain prayers, which he describes quite truly as "beautiful and simple in diction, and filled with a deep religious fervour." They show us—as he says also—the religion at its best. But that religion has to be judged by its ultimates, which are doctrines concerning life beyond the grave and the destiny of souls therein. A sad and gloomy fate awaited the sons of humanity. "In Aralû the dead lie, like prisoners, bound hand and foot, doomed to perpetual inactivity, subject to pangs of hunger and thirst, unless their needs are provided for by surviving relations through food and drink placed on the graves." A cruel goddess and a grim god acted as keepers of the dead, "assisted by a host of demons, headed by Namtar, the demon of pestilence." Professor Jastrow speaks of some "faint beginnings of a timid reaction against this primitive conception," suggesting a way of escape for certain favourites and heroes who entered into "a genuine immortality like that of the gods." But such exceptions serve only to reveal the darkness, and so also the fear of the living lest the dead should escape and haunt them, for which reason the body was anxiously secured, that it might keep fast in the tombs. There was, apparently, no certain distinction between that which was bequeathed to earth and that

* "The Civilisation of Babylonia and Assyria." By Morris Jastrow, Jun., Professor in the University of Pennsylvania. With Maps and 164 Illustrations. 25s. net. (Lippincott.)

which was remitted, still retaining consciousness, into the pantheon of the underworld.

It will be seen, therefore, that Babylonia and Assyria knew nothing of the soul going forth on the quest of God, nothing of attainment in God, like the great religions of India, and nothing of those strange, far off reflections of a Divine union which are suggested in the religion of Egypt by the intimate possible relationship between the human spirit and Osiris. So, also, the Babylonian pantheon suffered transformations suggesting an approach toward Monotheism, and Professor Jastrow speaks of a spiritual impulse being given to this idea of Divine government in the universe, especially in Assyria, but the Monotheistic conception was never reached in reality. There are some respects in which the ethical standard was high, the gods were on the side of justice, while justice was tempered with mercy, and after the basis of worship in an animistic notion of Nature there was an advance to "more abstract views of the relationship of man to the powers around him." But it remains that Babylonia and Assyria, however we may judge them otherwise, were the centres of a false religion, without hope or prospect, in comparison with which Egypt had a religion of light, long ages before the light of truth and life shone upon the world in Christ.

A. E. WAITE.

A CHANCE THREE.*

To take three novels at random from among a season's output is generally to be struck anew by the excellent average of current fiction, for one thing, and by the way in which our novelists have taken all knowledge, actual and speculative, for their province. The much-canvassed problem novels of a couple of decades ago dealt with mere matters of conduct, now our writers are not content with problems concerning the laws, they pass on to problems that have hitherto belonged to the realm of speculative philosophy. The mere relations of a pair of lovers whose experience shall illustrate anew the old saw that the course of true love never does run smooth no longer satisfy our storytellers; the complications consequent upon the Meredithian triangular tangle—"the usual three, husband, and wife, and lover"—has been varied incessantly and our novelists have sought many other worlds for their interpretation in the illimitability of the relations of men and women not only to each other but to the Universe.

The latest three books to impress me afresh in this direction are as diverse as can well be in character and colour, and yet it might be shown that there are points of similarity, and, incidentally, the impression left by each is of life's more sombre tones. All deal as it were with the essentials of life—but how differently! The one vaguely, with eternity as the setting in which the drama is played out; another with the whole world of men and women as a background; the third confined within the limits of a few square miles of agricultural Essex.

Mr. Algernon Blackwood is a master of the art of presenting weird and wonderful things in a fashion that hypnotises the reader into a reading-while belief. Not for him the romance of everyday men, women and affairs. In his latest story he has to tell of modern schoolboy and student life, but only as it were as something accidental. His three are John Mason, the narrator, Julius Le Vallon and one who becomes Mrs. Le Vallon, but who some thousands of years ago was wife of the man whose soul was that which now informs the clay of John Mason. All those many centuries ago, in some vague religious ceremonies the three souls which have once more synchronised on earth, were concerned in an offence against the powers of Nature and of this fact Le Vallon has become conscious. It is up to them to put the matter right that their souls may be free for further progress. The culminating scenes take place among the Swiss mountains, and the forces of Nature and their relations to human souls as part of the sum of those forces are presented with all that eerie impressiveness to which Mr. Blackwood has accustomed his readers.

Mr. J. C. Snaith, in his simply-named story, shows again his rare skill in delineating character. The man who is known first derisively as "the Sailor," is known figuratively as the mariner to his later friends. Henry Harper is a waif, a piece of human flotsam, ill-nourished, ill-treated, uneducated, he is driven as a boy of thirteen to attempt suicide on the railway—but he puts himself across the wrong rails. After that failure, whatever happens—and much does—suicide is not for him. As one of the two great friends he makes put it, he was "always a nailer for keeping on keeping on." Running away from the only "home" he has known he is befriended by a railway man, is sent to sea, as the only possible opening for such a waif, and has an awful experience of life knocking about the world. When he returns after some years he falls in with a football zealot and bids fair to become a big player, but fails his club at a crisis, and for a second time runs away from his native town. On board ship he has made one friend, a roving ne'er-do-weel known as Klondyke, who has tried to teach him reading and writing. Sensitive of his ignorance—he cannot even read the "football results"—he seeks help, and in his successive occupations masters the elements of learning. Having read a sea story he sets about writing one and achieves great success with it, thanks in no small degree to the prompt appreciation of the man to whom it is submitted. Meanwhile he has been victimised, in his naïve ignorance and natural chivalry, into marriage with a woman of no reputation. Then he meets his "goddess Athena," a "real Hyde Park lady" who happens to be a sister of Klondyke and daughter of a Lady Pridmore of much social importance—and in the hour of success comes a new trial which makes that success seem worthless. It is a fine, full story, finely told, and one that should serve to heighten yet further its author's reputation.

Mr. J. E. Patterson's novel is a fresh study of Essex life—perhaps, rather, a study of the relations of men and women from specimens observed in an Essex agricultural locality, for the emotions dealt with are those of humanity though they are worked out in a small district with abundance of "local colour" in the cleverly-delineated and contrasting characters. In its presentation of the central couple—the upright, idealistic young farmer Ben and the attractive, paganistic wife of farmer Ramzern, in whom mutual passion is suddenly aroused—there is something Hardyesque. We see a woman who has married without love falling in love with another, and resolving that love has higher claims than duty, and we follow the working out of the drama to a close with real interest, and with something of pity for the offenders against duty as well as for the taciturn and misunderstood husband. Ben's elder brother, would-be "gentleman" farmer, seeks love but as a step on the ladder of social ambition—and comes to a bankrupt's tragic end. The relations of matrimonial "bondslaves" are further indicated in the orderly course of one couple's wooing, and in the story of an intriguing maid-servant driven to an emergency marriage with an oddity, after seeking to scandalize herself into the position of a farmer's wife. The author might give us more in the vein of Waygood, Mabel and Bargate—they may be of the earth earthy, but they are capitally sketched and as memorable as the more closely studied central characters of a clever piece of sombre realism.

WALTER JERROLD.

* "Julius Le Vallon." By Algernon Blackwood. 6s. (Cassell.)—"The Sailor." By J. C. Snaith. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)—"Bond Slaves." By J. E. Patterson. 6s. (Simpkin.)

MR. WALPOLE ON JOSEPH CONRAD.*

If all critical studies were like Mr. Walpole's on Joseph Conrad we might less often feel how much a Tower-of-Babel is the world. Here is no fulsome adulation, and here is no unjust censure.

Mr. Walpole carries us with him when he speaks, early in this volume, of Mr. Conrad's partiality for "cases."

* "Joseph Conrad." By Hugh Walpole. ("Writers of the Day" Series.) 1s. net. (Nisbet.)

It is a case, not a type, which interests Conrad. To this finding Mr. Walpole reverts again, after an interval devoted to the production of much interesting evidence, and talks of the "juxtaposition of the lyrical and the realistic" in his work. And again: "Conrad had, from the first, a . . . romantic . . . mind, and his determination to use that romance realistically was simply his determination to justify the full play of his romantic mind in the eyes of all honest men," which is perhaps more than another way of saying that he sought verisimilitude; for elsewhere he says: "It is, finally, a world that Conrad offers us . . . a planet that we know." Conrad has said much the same of himself in a self-revealing passage in, I think, "Some Reminiscences."

It is pleasing to find this critic who is also creator giving so high a comparative place to "Typhoon," "The Nigger of the Narcissus," and "The Mirror of the Sea." "Chance" and "Victory" have had a recent public success; but to some of us it seems that Joseph Conrad has not ever eclipsed, in quality, his wonderful achievement of "Typhoon"; while, as for "The Mirror of the Sea," I know this Conrad admirer will turn to it more often than to "Chance." By the way—I can never hear the name of Amsterdam but I must read again Francis Jammes' poem of that name, and reopen Conrad's "Mirror of the Sea." Both men have seen, and made magically memorable for us, the snow-covered wintry roofs, the knockered doors of that old city. "The Mirror of the Sea" is full of this magic, this glamour, its only flaw perhaps being a touch of spleen toward land-lubbers over their mistakes in nautical parlance. And even that is, maybe, more a pretended than a real spleen. Doubtless his eyes twinkled as he wrote the denunciatory passages.

Mr. Walpole reassures those who cherish firstly "Typhoon," "The Nigger of the Narcissus," "The Mirror of the Sea," regarding their tastes. To those who put down "Victory" with the queerest blend of admiration and doubt (that might be voiced in: "What a wonderful skill in narration to expend on such a freakish yarn!") he brings confirmation of their admiration—and their doubt. He speaks of the "wanton conclusion," of "the fantastic characteristics of Mr. Jones and Ricardo," and asks: "Will he allow his imagination to carry him wildly into fantasy and incredibility?" It is, to us, as though "The Ancient Mariner" had turned into "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Conrad will not, as they say, "mind" the remark, being a sincere artist. And perhaps we are wrong.

In this monograph on Conrad a very difficult task is performed with much more than aplomb. The writer has really diagnosed his subject. ". . . this quality," says he, "he has beyond his contemporaries—namely, the assurance that his characters have their lives and adventures both before and after the especial cases he is describing to us." And again he remarks: "It is the very essence of Conrad's art that one thing so powerfully suggests to him another that to start him on anything at all is a tragedy, because life is so short."

How true these words are, of the protagonists whom we meet in the midst of their lives, as they find themselves "cases" in some affair that Destiny has meshed round them, and also of characters that come in for only a few pages, and that some authors might be content to make of sawdust, merely to "walk on." Consider that French naval officer, in "Lord Jim," whom, by the merest chance, Marlow met in a Sydney restaurant. He haunts us as if he were real. He haunts us, comes up in our memory—and we almost wonder where he is now, if he is alive or gone hence, as we do of such men of flesh and blood, remembering them, men we ourselves have met at the ends of the earth and experienced liking for—for a day, or a month (while Chance cast us together), and then parted from with a word of farewell that we made as stoically casual as possible, weighted by the sense of how vain would be a full statement of our regret at parting, in a world meshed over by trails.

"We bowed together: we scraped our feet at each other with much ceremony, while a dirty specimen of a waiter looked on critically, as though he had paid for the performance. 'Serviteur,' said the Frenchman. Another scrape. 'Monsieur,' . . . 'Monsieur' . . . The glass door swung behind his burly back. I saw the southerly buster get hold of him and drive him down wind with his hand to his head, his shoulders braced, and the tails of his coat blown hard against his legs."

The last chapter, on "Romance and Realism," climax to this sound study of Conrad, is well worth the thoughtful perusal of all who are really interested in the developments of literary work to-day, people with the capacity to travel, not stereotyped, who feel that it is a mistake to have a pigeon-hole labelled "Realistic" and one labelled "Romantic," one labelled "Tragedy," one labelled "Comedy," and there an end. To "sort out" all authors so is less than justice. Mr. Walpole finds Conrad a "case" in point, the best case possible to lead the way toward the discussion in that concluding chapter. He considers him as Realist, and Romancist, at one and the same time, as Novelist and Poet: "If, as has often been said, Browning was as truly novelist as poet, may we not now say with equal justice that Conrad is as truly poet as novelist?"

To those folk who are neither, by profession, critics nor (by love, or hunger) authors—those who are just unworried readers and care for their Conrad—the book, lucid and reasoned as it is, should also be welcome.

FREDERICK NIVEN.

Novel Notes.

TRAVELLERS' SAMPLES. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

To say nothing of men, there is probably no woman novelist of our time who writes the short story with a subtler mastery of that difficult art than has been achieved by Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Her tales are not novels in a nutshell, but essential short stories. Each centres on a single episode, but the episode is so related that it suggests the whole life and character of the persons involved in it; and however slight the episode may be it is handled with such skill, such a swift touching in of poignant, illuminating detail, and such a sympathetic knowledge of human weakness and human goodness that it never fails to capture your interest. "Reported Missing" gives you little more than an interview between two women who find they are both married to the same officer who has gone to the war, but it develops into a tense and powerful little drama in the course of which the characters of the two women and of the absent man are vividly revealed. "The Bodice" tells of a poverty-stricken parson whose invalid wife is slowly dying; you have all the discomfort of his small home under the rule of a charwoman and his young daughter; the sense of failure that clouds all his thoughts; the deep love between his wife and himself, and his horror, then his wonder at her heroism, when he finds that, because of their poverty and the young daughter's incapacity, she is secretly adapting an old black, crape-trimmed blouse for the girl to wear after her mother is dead. This discovery marks a turning point, and results in a happy instead of a gloomy end for the story. Out of such intimate, homely incidents of common life Mrs. Dudeney has made a book of short stories that are immensely enjoyable both for their narrative interest and the art with which they are written.

THE SECRET SYMPATHY. By Mary L. Pendered. 6s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

It would not surprise us to hear that the author of this story had been approached by a Cinema Film Company for permission to adapt her work for the picture-palace. It would make a capital drama. We will not reveal the plot; we will only divulge the facts that a charming baby boy is, one wet day, left in a basket in a cab; and is adopted and loved by the drunken cabman who found him. How everything came right in the end is told with

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